

THE ANGLO

AMERICAN.

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR.

E. L. GARVIN & CO.

PUBLISHER



FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

OFFICE } 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

VOL. 9, No. 18

WHAT I LOVE.

FROM THE DANISH OF ANDERSEN.

I love the sea when the stormy billows rave,
I love it when it sleeps without a wave ;
The moon soft mirror'd in the ocean blue,
The mountains and the meadows bright with dew.
I love the deep vales and the mighty floods,
And the green summer-covert of the woods,
With all its starry host the silent night,
The evening red—the blush of morning light,
The hoar-frost glittering on the naked bough.
But hate—I am not rich in hatred—no—
I hate but noisy joys, the soul's unrest :
I hate the sin that buds within my breast—
I hate all canting and its misty maze ;
But I love children and their winning ways.
I love, too, genius panting for the goal,
Music, when wakes its tones in the lost soul ;
The flowers I love with their sweet perfuming ;
The birds in the free air that float and sing :
A friend whom loving, naught my love can move,
And woman—one I've seen and fondly love—
She was my bride—that was indeed a pleasure ;
She was my trust, my yearning bosom's treasure.
I love, as my last resting place the grave ;
And the Great Spirit of Love, who all things gave.

SHE SANG SO VERY SWEETLY.

She sang so very sweetly, that I wist,
It had been heaven music sung by seraphim,
Wafted here earthwards in angelic hymn.
Half doubting my own sense, for it did seem
Of heaven some forte given in a dream.
In ecstasy her upturned face I kiss'd,
And to mine own her lips I prest,
From which the breath of song had scarcely flown,
And whis'p'ring her "My life ! my love ! my own !"
I drew her closer still unto my breast.

THE OUTLAW OF THE SACRAMENTO.

"Would that the Californian character were as lofty as the Californian mountains!" exclaimed I, extending myself almost breathless upon the loftiest summit of the chain which edges the Sacramento valley.

"Not so," returned my friend, quietly ; it would be too hard to climb."

Harry South was one of those men who reveal only to their intimate friends a marked peculiarity of character. There are many such ; all indeed may be really so, for every man convinces those who know him best that he possesses a true and full individuality ; but, more than any other of my acquaintance, my friend managed to mask a dreamy poetical imagination and a glowing heart under the appearance of a mere fashionable and high-spirited man of the world. His wealth and connections in society of course secured him the position of a gentleman. Nobody suspected him of being a poet ; yet though he wrote lines, he always thought poetry. Between the ages of fifteen and twenty-three he served in the navy as midshipman and lieutenant, and then left the profession to succeed to a valuable estate, and consult his own pleasure by travelling as a gentleman at ease. At Yerba Buena I first met him, and our acquaintance soon warmed into friendship ; so that before many days passed, we found ourselves travelling together on a half-hunting, half-exploring expedition along the beautiful valley of the Sacramento. Every hour revealed some new trait in his intense character. A peculiar freshness, not of inexperience, but the vivid glance that never dulls by often looking, seemed to form his ideas upon every subject, and made especially delightful our conversation upon the most delightful of all topics, love and woman's heart. Hitherto untouched by the gentle passion, he had set up for himself an ideal model, not moulded, as he was wont to exclaim, after any form of material clay, but one which rose within his mind in dim yet lustrous beauty, like a translucent mist before the dazzling sun. Such a character he conceived to be Miranda, in "The Tempest," and looked upon it as a lovely vision, never to be realized, yet ever before him with delicious, tantalizing presence. Indeed, so often did he rhapsodize upon Miranda, that before two days had elapsed I became heartily sick of my friend's poetical hobby, and sought every occasion to draw him out on other things. In this way we arrived at the edge of that immense valley, and ascended the loftiest mountain to catch a far view of the scenery around us.

"Yes," said Harry, "it would be too hard to climb. You are ambitious, and can never be stationary ; you must either move onward or else keep out of sight. If I were disposed to compliment, I might say, so is the sun ; but the source of light would be degraded by comparison with a merely ambitious man. For my own part, I would simply 'take what the gods provide me,' and glide through a happy life, in cultivating, not so much my 'paternal acres,' for I confess myself no farmer, as my own heart. The little society I would have, must be associates, not rivals nor inferiors. But you would struggle, and prefer rising above the ignorant weak to being surpassed by the educated strong. This is your country. The Californians are too indolent to strive with an energetic man, and will quietly allow him to ride over them, provided he is not rough-shod. They have all the pride of Spaniards, half the quick intellect of Frenchmen, and more than the terrible revengefulness of an Italian bravo. At the same time, the laziest Turk that breathes through life in a cloud of smoke,

would open his eyes at these lumps of California clay, forever asleep. Look from this mountain-top, and say, are they worthy of their country ? The air, that breathes delicious health through other's veins, enervates them. These noble mountains, that we love to climb with soul as well as body, only arouses in them a lazy horror of the troublesome ascent, as they stand below, dully gazing upward. But, by Heaven ! there is one below us who is not gazing upward in dulness ! That attitude is entreaty and despair itself."

I sprang to my feet and looked over the edge of the mountain. Beginning at the spot where we stood, an almost perpendicular precipice seemed to slide down full six hundred feet, and then another peak rose aloft, leaving between a little valley with about fifty yards of loose rocks, garlanded with verdure. At that moment I did not notice a rude hunting lodge in the middle ; my attention was wholly fastened on two human beings in that remote place. One of them was very tall, gigantic even, for a Californian, and his Herculean limbs, arrayed in the hunter's finery of his nation, bespeak him at once a dangerous neighbor in time of feud. At his feet, in an attitude of exquisite suffering, kneeled a young girl, lovely even in the distance ; and so truthful was her posture, that we almost fancied we heard a pleading voice, broken with sobs and tears. Yet the hunter stood savage and immovable, looking contemptuously on her for a moment, and then turning away, he walked swiftly out of the ravine.

"There is something here for us to do," said Harry, firmly and rapidly. His words roused me from a gaze of wonder at that singular pantomime, and hastily exchanging glances, we seized our rifles, and descended the mountain in silence.

Some hours passed before we could force our way through the thick underwood down the more gently sloping side, or skirt along the base. Even then there was great difficulty in searching for the narrow gorge. At last, however, we found ourselves near the cabin of the hunter, but our steps were delayed a moment by a huge dog, the Cerberus of these regions, which rushed upon us with a howl that sounded as if the triple-headed monster of old had opened with every throat at once. Our business did not allow of such obstacles, and a shot from one of our revolvers soon stretched him upon the grass. We entered the lodge. In one corner sat the fair suppliant we had seen before, hiding her face in her hands, and moaning to herself that most mournful of all Spanish exclamations : "Ay de mi ! ay de mi !" She had evidently mistaken our shot for the return of the Californian hunter. Harry spoke a few words of encouragement, but at the first sound of a strange voice she started up with an instinctive scream, and then, to our utter amazement, clasped each of us in her arms with a shower of tears, and a broken cry of half hysterical joy.

We drew back at this strange reception, but at the next instant would have surrendered a year of our lives to be in that delicious embrace again. Strange that we did not feel it at the time, but when the first astonishment wore off, there lingered the idea of a sensation that we might have felt and remembered to the day of our death. But the girl evidently did not intend to repeat the salutation. She stood wondering at her repulse as much as we did afterward, but with better reason. It was a common and innocent token of friendship among the warm, open-hearted sex of her country, and she, poor thing, saw a friend in every stranger at that time. She seemed about seventeen, and her form exhibited a rare mingling of grace and voluptuous symmetry that I had before deemed impossible. All Californian señoritas possess the latter, but it is united with a spreading luxuriance of limb that forms a magnificent contrast to the sylph-like airiness of some other climes. Here, however, the two were so connected that it seemed hard to know to which class of beauty she belonged. At that time, indeed, no critical thought entered my head ; I saw before me only the Californian glancing her dark eyes on us in fearful hope, and wondered that I had ever thought the phrase "billowy bosom" an extravagant expression. She came forward again, and taking a hand of each, pressed them between her own, saying inquisitorily, and with inexpressible softness of tone : "Amigos !" Then, without waiting for an answer, she hurried on. Her father, she said, was a wealthy planter near the Sacramento river, herself his only child. A young man, the companion of her youth, had been convicted of a capital crime and sentenced to death ; but a few days before the execution he had escaped, and was supposed to be lurking near the mountains. He had once been an unsuccessful suitor for her love, and his flight relieved her from the load of her fears she had always felt of his character and designs. But, two days since, she extended her evening walk too far, and suddenly the outlaw stood in her path ! He stopped for no vain entreaties, they would be useless ; but placed her behind him on a swift mustang, and fled for his home in the mountains. No pause or rest was allowed ; in one day they crossed the valley, and stopped at last before his cabin. Here he lifted her from the horse, faint with terror, fatigue and hunger, and leaving a savage hound as her keeper, he had just started forth with his rifle in search of game. She told this brief story simply and artlessly, as if conscious that words were not wanted to color the deed ; and then dropping our hands, stood before us, still in her beauty and distress.

Excited as I myself was, I involuntarily started at the first word of Harry South. His usual calm exterior changed into an expression of terrible meaning, and even then I saw that something more than mere compassion and anger agitated my friend. What he said was broken, and evidently came struggling up from his heart. He promised her protection and safe return, and without wasting words, urged an immediate departure. We turned to go, and our eyes fell upon the gigantic form of the hunter, terribly lacerated, and dripping blood, as he leaned against the doorway for support. He appeared hardly able to stand ; but the dull glassy look of faintness in his eye seemed to surround a fierce gleam of foiled malice. A fearful contest was going on between his wounded body and the unconquered will of his soul. The

latter prevailed for a moment, as, with an actually blazing eye, he rushed toward us, raising aloft his clubbed rifle. The blow was easily warded off, and the exhausted desperado fell.

Never did I fully appreciate the womanly loveliness of Clara, holding the head of dying Marmion to her breast, until I saw the young Californian girl strive to raise her enemy and stanch his wounds. We soon found that he was not dead; and having carefully deposited him upon a rude couch, the perplexing question arose, 'What is to be done?' He deserved nothing at our hands but death, yet common humanity forbade us even to leave him in that dangerous condition. We therefore remained there full four days, while he was balancing between life and death. The cause of his wounds we could not then inquire, though they were evidently received in close fight with some wild beast. During this time, I acted as hunter and purveyor of food; the Californian, of course, was the nurse; and Harry, equally of course, elected himself surgeon.

From what the hunter afterward said, it appeared that he had wandered some distance up the mountain in search of wild sheep, or 'broad-horns,' and suddenly found himself in close vicinity to a grizzly-bear; almost the only animal which the bold western hunter fears to meet. It is nearly impossible for one to kill it; rifle balls bury themselves in its body, and seem but to increase its ferocity. Knowing that the eye was the only part open to a mortal wound, he calmly waited until the fierce monster was about to rush upon him, and then fired with deliberate aim. Vain hope! The bear moved a little at that instant, and received the bullet in its thick skull. It was staggered at first, but instantly recovering itself, it seized the hunter in a terrible embrace. Nothing but his calmness of nerve saved him then. Torn and breathless as he was, while the monster's hot breath was yet upon him, and the foam gushed from those frightful jaws flew into his face, he drew the long slender dagger, worn by Californians for a hunting knife, and applying it with steady grasp to the eye, drove it suddenly up to the hilt. Both fell together, but that deadly thrust had saved him. The animal's struggles were short, and the hunter arose, fearfully mangled, but still alive. He tottered back as well as he could, and arrived only to find new enemies in his own home.

At the end of four days, the question, 'What shall we do?' was as perplexing as ever. The hunter was fast recovering; too fast indeed for our own wishes, for we could not expect him tranquilly to relinquish his prize; and it was accordingly determined by the council of peace to leave him secretly, after placing within his reach provision enough to last him several days. The next morning saw us five leagues distant.

During the journey, I had few opportunities of learning the character of our fair companion. She was mounted upon the same mustang which had carried her before, and Harry walking by her side, kept up incessantly a low-toned conversation, so that I took the hint and led the way. At the close of the first day we bivouacked in true hunting style, and making up a hasty couch for the Californian girl, laid ourselves upon the soft moss in silence. I was just falling into a gentle doze, when a single word from my friend awoke me.

'Strange!'

'That you have found your tongue at last? What else?'

'Why, I never thought to ask her name.'

'Perhaps I can inform you.'

'You! How did you learn it? What is it?' exclaimed he, eagerly rising.

'What can it be, but—Miranda?' said I, mischievously.
"No more of that, Hal!" he replied with a manly blush. 'But yet,' added he, more earnestly, 'she is Miranda in truth. In a few words she unveils her whole soul. So innocent, so child-like, and yet so womanly. I could say to her with Ferdinand:

——' Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear; for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full a soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owned,
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.'

Her beauty and distress more than interested me at first, and since that—why should I not confess it?—our conversation has showed me a fresh, noble soul, and has actually—not, as I was about to say, made a fool of me, but a wiser and happier man.'

'Happier! I may congratulate you, then. But her old lover, he will of course recover, and he is a Californian. They stab in the dark.'

'True; but a Californian practices gratitude as well as revenge. I hardly know which he feels toward us. We probably saved him from a lingering death, but at the same time robbed him of something more than life. Let us mention him no more. He is a dark shadow in my path, but thank heaven behind me.' I fear him not. Strange that I never thought to ask her name!'

With this soliloquy, he turned over and I went to sleep.

The second day gave me no better opportunity than the first for examining more minutely into the character of our fair friend. Harry was still her constant cavalier, and I sometimes fancied that his treatment in excluding me might be aptly termed by the same word. But situated as he was, it was a point of honor to give him exclusive possession of her company, especially as we expected soon to reach her home. Still, as I occasionally glanced back, and marked her free, artless bearing, or heard the musical murmur of her laugh, I could hardly help envying Harry, and his place by her side. Toward the close of the afternoon we left the valley and ascended the first hill beyond. When the summit was gained, a faint outcry of joy from our companion, as she pointed toward a large hacienda, about half a mile distant, showed that she recognized her home. We stopped and were almost instantly seen by a straggling slave, who ran to the hacienda, and in a few moments, a gray-headed old man spurred toward us at full speed, with a crowd of servants following him.

'My father!'

'You have another friend to welcome,' said a deep voice at our side, and the tall form of the outlaw stepped from behind a rock.

'I have waited for you here,' he continued, with singular calmness. 'Your companions I might have waylaid and shot down before this, but they once spared and even saved my life, when I expected death from them. I cannot recover you without injury to them, and now, at this our last meeting, I come with one request. By the memory of our childish days, by the depth of my love for you, grant it! Let me see you alone for the last time—forever!'

I hesitated; but—

'It cannot be, Herman,' murmured faintly by the girl, and 'It must not be, more authoritatively from Harry South, decided the matter.'

'Then what I have to say, I will say before witnesses.'

He paused, and his fingers worked convulsively upon the barrel of the rifle on which he was leaning.

'Why have I left my retreat and followed you thus, while fever ran in my veins, and my wounds opened at every step? Need I tell you? 'T is the same cause that curbed my proud nature in boyish days; the same that drove me forth, the same that gained you but to lose all. Need I tell you now? You shrink, and well you may. Forgive me; the days of violence have passed, and you will seek peace from another. I must not live to see this; I have come now to bid you farewell, and to terminate the existence which torments me. Farewell! I command you to the Holy Virgin.'

He held his open hand toward her for a moment, then suddenly raised his rifle and fired. I caught her in my arms—dead!

A maddened scream actually convulsed my friend. He instantly recovered himself, and with frightful slowness, presented his rifle and deliberately covered the outlaw's heart.

'Fire!' cried he, baring his broad breast; 'you save me from self murder, which would be hateful to God, and in her sight!'

'No,' replied Harry, lowering his weapon, 'thou Satan of fallen angels, I will not murder you. Wounded though you are, you shall have an equal chance for life, but we cannot both live. Imagine the ground to be duly measured,' he added with a mocking, ghastly smile.

He took a pair of pistols from his belt and handed me one. I received it mechanically, and gave it to the Californian. They stood opposite each other. I counted, and at the last word there was a single explosion.

The outlaw held his pistol in the same position as before. He tottered, and pressing one hand upon his bosom, staggered to the body of his victim.

'Let me die, by her side!' he cried as he fell. Then looking up to Harry with a horrible smile, 'It was a poor shot; I thought you were a better marksman. He raised the pistol to his head and pressed the trigger.

Though years have passed, I never can forget that scene; the body of that lovely being, stretched beside her gigantic outlaw lover; my noble friend gazing on them with life long agony in his look, and in the distance, a gray-haired father hastening to his child!—*Knickerbocker*.

THE 18TH JUNE, 1815.

FROM THE ROMANCE OF WAR—BY JAMES GRANT, ESQ.

About eight o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the storm suddenly abated, the rain ceased, the wind died away, the grey clouds began to disperse, and the sun broke forth in its glory. His warm glow was delightful after the chill of such a tempestuous night; and the wan faces of the soldiers brightened as they watched the dispersion of the vapour masses, and beheld the morning sky assuming a pure and serene blue. Alas! it was a morning sun which thousands were doomed never to behold setting at eve.

Immense masses of white mist were rising on all sides—from the green woodlands of the Bois de Soignies—from the swamps, the fields, and the puddles formed in the night; and as the vapour became exhaled, and floated away to mingle with the clouds, the grass grew more green, and the fields of flattened corn rose, and waved their yellow harvest to and fro in the morning breeze. Fires were lighted by the soldiers, to dry their clothes and cook a ration of beef, which had been hastily supplied to some corps of the army. An allowance of grog was also served out by the commissariat to every man, without distinction. It was swallowed gladly and thankfully, and the former cheerfulness of the troops began to revive, and they became as merry as men could be who marched so far, passed such a night, and had yet their shirts sticking to their backs.

This was the morning of the eventful 18th of June, 1815.

Sir Dennis Pack's brigade had scarcely finished their wretched meal of beef, broiled on bayonets and ramrods amid the smoky embers of green wood, before the pipers of the Royal Highlanders, who were bivouacked on the right, were heard blowing their regimental gathering with might and main, summoning the old *Black Watch* to battle.

"Stand to your arms! The enemy are coming on?" was the cry on every side; and aides-de-camp, majors of brigade, and other officers were seen galloping in every direction, clearing hedge and wall at the risk of their necks. The trumpets of the cavalry, the drums and bugles of the infantry, were soon heard sounding in concert over every part of the position, as the army got under arms to meet their old hereditary foe.

"Vive l'Empereur!" A hundred thousand soldiers—brave men as France ever sent forth, loaded the morning wind with their cry; and the hum of their voices, sounding afar over the level country, was heard like the low roar of a distant sea—murmuring and chafing, long before they came within range of musket shot.

The soldiers of the allied army stood to their arms with their usual willingness and elasticity, but with that degree of gravity and calmness which always pervades a body of men before an engagement. It is a serious reflection that one may be in eternity in five minutes, and one feels rather sedate in consequence—till the blood is up, and the true British mettle fairly roused. A battle was about to be fought, and that it would be a bloody one was evident; for it was between two splendid armies, equal in arms, in discipline, and in courage, and led by two of the greatest generals the world ever produced. But it is not my intention to recount a history of the battle of Waterloo. Generally, I will confine myself to the motions of the 9th brigade, commanded by the brave Sir Dennis Pack.

It consisted of four regiments—namely, the third battalion of the 1st Royal Scots, the 42nd or Royal Highlanders, the 2d battalion of the 44th or East Essex regiment, and the 92nd or Gordon Highlanders, with whom, I trust, the reader is tolerably well acquainted. The fighting at Quatre Bras on the 16th considerably thinned their ranks, but they yet mustered five hundred bayonets.

Aides-de-camp, general and other staff-officers, were seen galloping on the spur over banks and ditches, through copse-wood and corn-fields, bearing orders, instructions, and hasty dispatches to those commanding corps and brigades; the cavalry looked to their girths and bridles, the infantry to their locks and pouches; the artillery-guns, tumbrels, and caissons were dragged at full gallop among ripe fields of wheat and barley, through hedges and through ditches, with matches smoking, the gunners on the boxes, the drivers on the saddle, rammers and sponges rattling and clanking, and the cavalry escort galloping in front and rear. Bustle and noise, but with perfect steadiness and coolness, prevailed, as the army of Lord Wellington formed in position on that memorable field, and awaited the approach of

their enemy, who came on flushed with the success of the recent battle of Ligny.

"There goes Buonaparte!" cried Roland to his friend Louis Lisle, who at that moment came up to him.

"There goes Napoleon! the Emperor and all his staff!" burst from many a tongue.

The whole attention of the British line was attracted by the appearance of Buonaparte, who rode along the ridge occupied by the French army. He wore his great-coat unbuttoned, and thrown back to display his epaulettes and green uniform, and had on his head the little cocked hat by which all statues of him are so well known. A staff, brilliant and numerous, composed of officers wearing a hundred different uniforms, following him, but at a distance of seventy or eighty paces, riding like a confused mob of cavalry. He passed rapidly along the French line towards La Belle Alliance; but the fire of a few twelve-pound field-pieces, which had been brought to bear upon his person, compelled him to retire to the rear.

The right of the allied army rested on Braine la Leude, the left on the farm of Ter la Haye, and the centre on the Mont St. Jean, thus extending along a ridge from which the ground descended gently to a sort of vale; on the other side of which, at the distance of about twelve hundred yards from the allies, the long-extended lines of the French army were formed in battle array, with eagles glittering, colors waving, and bayonets gleaming above the dark battalions of infantry.

The celebrated chateau of Hougoumont was in front of the right centre of the allies; the woods, the orchard, and the house were full of troops. Arms glanced at every window, bayonets bristled everywhere around it, and the tall grenadier-caps of the Coldstream Guards, and the shakoos of the Belgians and Brunswickers, were visible above the green hedges of the garden, and the parapet walls which enclosed the park and orchard. The farm-house of La Haye Sainte, on the Charleroi road at the foot of the eminence, had also been converted in a garrison, loop-holed and barricaded, with brass-muzzled field-pieces peeping through the honeysuckle and the rails of the garden around.

All around the spot where these dire preparations had been made the land was in a beautiful state of cultivation, and the bright yellow corn waved ripe in every field; but the passage of cavalry, brigades of artillery, and sometimes dense masses of infantry in close column of companies or subdivisions of five-and-twenty men abreast, the continual deploying on point and pivot as new alignements were taken up, made sad havoc among the hopes of the husbandman and farmer.

The Belgian and Hanoverian battalions were checkered as equally as possible with the British, and thus many different uniforms varied the long perspective of the allied line; while the French army presented one long array of dark uniforms, blue, green, or the grey-coat, an upper garment worn almost invariably, in all weathers, by the French troops when on service.

Near a tree, which grew on a bank above the Charleroi road, and formed, or denoted, the very centre of the British position, Lord Wellington could be seen sitting motionless on horseback, observing with his acute and practised eye the motions of his mighty antagonist. His cavalry were, generally, posted in rear of the right, the centre, and left of the position, the artillery behind a hedge, on a ridge which rises near Ter la Haye; and this screen of foliage concealed them from the enemy, who commenced the battle about half past eleven o'clock.

A movement was seen taking place among the French, and in a few minutes, the division commanded by Jerome Buonaparte attacked the chateau of Hougoumont. As they advanced upon it, Lord Wellington's artillery opened on them, and did considerable execution; but they pressed heedlessly on, and assaulted the ancient chateau, which was resolutely defended, and soon became shrouded in a cloud of smoke, as the volleying musketry blazed away from hedge and wall, barricade and window. Every bullet bore the fate of a human being; the French were strewed in heaps, and the chateau, into which they showered grape and musketry with unsparing diligence, seemed not likely to surrender soon. The foreign troops gave way, but the brave Guards maintained the defence of the house and garden alone, and with the unflinching determination and courage of British soldiers.

Under cover of a formidable cannonade, which Napoleon's artillery opened from the crest of the ridge where his line was formed, three dense masses of infantry, consisting each of four battalions, moving in solid squares, poured impetuously down on the left and centre of the allied line. They rent the air with cries of "Vive la France! Vive l'Empereur!" and on they came double-quick, with their sloped arms glittering in the sun. They were enthusiastically encouraged by their officers, whose voices were heard above even the mingled din of the battle-cry, cheering them on as they waved their eagles and brandished their sabres aloft. One of these columns poured its strength on La Haye Sainte, where it experienced a warm and deadly welcome; while the other two attacked that part of the position which was occupied by Sir Dennis Pack's brigade.

As they advanced, Campbell made a signal with his sword, and the eight pipes of the regiment commenced the wild pibroch of Donald-dhu—the march of the Islesmen to Lochaber in 1431. It was echoed back by the pipes of the Royals and 42nd on the right, and the well-known effect of that instrument was instantly visible in the flushing cheeks of the brigade. Its music never falls in vain on the ear of a Scotsman, for he alone can understand its wild melody and stirring associations. The ranks, which before had exhibited all that stillness and gravity which troops always observe—in fact, which their feelings compel them to observe—before being engaged, for fighting is a serious matter, became animated, and the soldiers began to cheer and handle their muskets long before the order was given to fire. A brigade of Belgians, formed in line before a hedge, was attacked furiously by the French columns, who were eager for vengeance on these troops, whom they considered as deserters from the cause of the "great Emperor," whose uniform they still wore. The impetuosity of the attack compelled the Belgians to retire in rear of the hedge, over which they received and returned a spirited fire.

Pack's brigade now opened upon the foe, and the roar of cannon and musketry increased on every side as the battle became general along the extended parallel lines of the British and French. The fire of the latter on Pack's brigade was hot and rapid, for in numerical force they outnumbered them, many to one, and made dreadful havoc. The men were falling—to use the common phrase—in heaps, and the danger, smoke, uproar, and slaughter, with all the terrible concomitants of a great battle, increased on every side; the blood of the combatants grew hotter, and their national feelings of hatred and hostility, which previously had lain dormant, were

now fully awakened, and increased apace with the slaughter around them. Many of the Highlanders seemed animated by a perfect fury,—a terrible eagerness to grapple with their antagonists.

Captain Grant, an officer of the Gordon Highlanders, became so much excited, that he quitted the ranks, and rushing to the front, brandished his long broadsword aloft, and defied the enemy to charge or approach further. Then, calling upon the regiment to follow him, he threw up his bonnet, and flinging himself headlong on the bayonets of the enemy, was instantly slain. Poor fellow! he left a young wife at home to lament him, and his loss was much regretted by the regiment.

The Belgians at the hedge gave way, after receiving and returning a most destructive fire for nearly an hour. The 3rd battalion of the Scots Royals, and a battalion of the 44th (the same regiment which lately distinguished itself at Cabul,) took up the ground of the vanquished men of *Gallia Belgica*, and after maintaining the same conflict against an overwhelming majority of numbers, and keeping staunch to their post until the unlucky hedge was piled breast high with killed and wounded, they were compelled also to retire, leaving it in possession of the enemy, who seized upon it with a fierce shout of triumph, as if it had been the fallen capital of a conquered country instead of the rural boundaries of a field of rye.

It was now three o'clock in the afternoon. The strife had lasted incessantly for four hours, and no word was yet heard of the Prussians. For miles around, the plains were involved in smoke; and whether they were approaching or not no man knew, for a thick war-cloud enshrouded the vale of Waterloo. Three thousand of the allies had been put to the rout, and the dense mob-like columns of the enemy came rolling on from the ridge opposite to Lord Wellington's position, apparently with the determination of bearing all before them.

When they gained possession of the hedge before mentioned, Sir Dennis Pack, who had been with its defenders till the moment they gave way, galloped at full speed up to the Gordon Highlanders—a corps reduced now to a mere skeleton, and barely mustering two hundred efficient bayonets.

"Highlanders!" cried the general, who was evidently laboring under no ordinary degree of excitement and anxiety, "you must charge! Upon them with the bayonet or the heights are lost, for all the troops in your front have given way!"

"Highlandmen! shoulder to shoulder," cried Campbell, as the regiment began to advance with their muskets at the long trail, and in silence, with clenched teeth and bent brows, for their hearts were burning to avenge the fall of their comrades. "Shoulder to shoulder, lads! close together like a wall!" continued the major, as, spurring his horse to the front, he waved his sword and bonnet aloft, and the corps moved down the hill. "Remember Egypt and Corunna—and remember Cameron, though he's gone, for his eye may be upon us yet at this very moment! Forward—double quick!"

The column they were about to charge presented a front, more than equal to their own, on four faces, and formed a dense mass of three thousand infantry. Headless of their numbers, with that free and fearless impetuosity which they have ever displayed, and which has always been attended with the most signal success, the bonneted clansmen rushed on with the fury of a torrent from their native hills, equally regardless of the charged bayonets of the French front ranks, the murderous fire of the rear, and of ten pieces of cannon sent by Napoleon to assist in gaining the height occupied by Pack's shattered brigade.

It was a desperate crisis, and the regiment knew that they must be victorious or be annihilated.

A body of cuirassiers were coming on to the assistance of the vast mass of infantry—all splendid troops, glittering in a panoply of brass and steel; and the slanting rays of the sun gleamed beau itully on their long lines of polished helms and corslets and forest of swords, which they brandished aloft above the curls of eddying smoke, as they came sweeping over the level plain at full gallop. The advance of the little band of Highlanders made them seem like a few mice attacking a lion—the very acme of madness or of courage. Their comrades were all defeated, themselves were threatened by cavalry, galled by tea pieces of cannon, and opposed by three thousand infantry; and yet they went on with the heedless impetuosity of the heroes of Kiliencrankie, Falkirk, and Gladsmuir.

The front rank of the enemy's column remained with their long muskets and bayonets at the charge, while the rear kept up a hot and destructive fire, in unison with the sweeping discharges from the field pieces placed at a little distance on their flanks.

The moment was indeed a critical one to these two hundred eagle hearts. They were in the proportion of one to fifteen; and notwithstanding this overwhelming majority, when the steady line of the Highlanders came rushing on, with their bayonets levelled before them, and had reached within a few yards of the enemy, the latter turned and fled! The huge mass, which might have with ease have eaten them, broke away in confusion almost laughable, the front ranks overthrowing the rear, and every man tossing away musket, knapsack, and accoutrements. The Highlanders still continued pressing forward with the charged bayonet, yet totally unable to comprehend what had stricken the foe with so disgraceful a panic.

"Halt!" cried Campbell. "Fire on the cowards! D—n them, give them a volley!" and a hasty fire was poured upon the confused mob.

A cry arose of "Here come the cavalry!"

"Hoigh! hurrah!" cried the Highlanders. "The Greys—the Greys—the Scots Greys! Hoigh! our ain folk—hurrah!" And a tremendous cheer burst from the little band as they beheld, emerging from the wreaths of smoke, the squadrons of their countrymen, who came thundering over the corpse-strewed field, where drums, colors, cannon and cannon-shot, killed and wounded men, covered every foot of ground.

The grey horses—"those beautiful grey horses," as the anxious Napoleon called them while watching this movement through his glass,—came on, snorting and prancing with dilated nostrils and eyes of fire, exhibiting all the pride of our superb dragoon chargers, while the long broad swords and tall bear-skin caps of the riders were seen towering above the battle-clouds which rolled along the surface of the plain.

They formed part of the heavy brigade of the gallant Sir William Ponsonby, who, sabre in hand, led them on, with the First Royal English dragoons, and the Sixth, who came roaring tremendously, and shouting strange things in the deep brogue of merry "ould Ireland."

From the weight of the men, the mettle of their horses, and their fine equipment, a charge of British cavalry is a splendid sight; I say British, for our own are the finest-looking, as well as the best troops in the world, an assertion which few can dispute when we speak of Waterloo. Those

who witnessed the charge of Ponsonby's brigade will never forget it. The Highlanders halted, and the dragoons swept on past their flank, towards the confused masses of the enemy. The Greys, on passing the little band of their countrymen, sent up the well-known cry of "Scotland for ever!"

"Scotland for ever!" At such a moment this was indeed a cry that roused "the stirring memory of a thousand years." It touched a chord in every Scottish heart. It seemed like a voice from home, from the tongues of those they had left behind, and served to stimulate them to fresh exertions in honor of the land of the rock and the eagle.

"Cheer, my blue bonnets!" cried Campbell, leaping in his saddle in perfect ecstasy. "Oh! the gallant fellows! how bravely they ride. God and victory be with them this day!"

"Scotland for ever!" echoed the Highlanders, as they waved their black plumage on the gale. The Royals, the 42nd, the Cameron Highlanders, and every Scots regiment within hearing took up the battle-cry and tossed it to the wind; and even the feeble voices of the wounded were added to the general shout while the chivalrous Greys plunged into the column of the enemy, sabring them in scores, and riding them down like a field of corn. The cries of the panic-stricken French were appalling; they were like the last despairing shrieks of drowning men, rather than the clamour of men-at-arms upon a battle-field. Colours, drums, arms, and everything were abandoned in their eagerness to escape, and even while retreating double quick, some failed not to shout, *Vive l'Empereur! Vive la Gloire!* as vociferously as if they had been the victors instead of the vanquished.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM A PORTFOLIO.

SOME DOMESTIC PECULIARITIES OF AUTHORS.

Charles Lamb delighted in roast pig and a draught of porter out of the pewter pot, and he would press his friends, even great men and bashful ladies, to taste the genuine article, fresh drawn at the bar of his favorite little inn at Edmonton. Coleridge observes, that "some men are like musical glasses—to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet." Addison's recourse to the bottle as a cure for his taciturnity, finally induced those intemperate habits which elicited Dr. Johnson's memorable remarks—"In the bottle, discontent seeks for comfort, cowardice for courage, and bashfulness for confidence. It is not unlikely that Addison was first seduced to excess by the manumission which he obtained from the servile timidity of his sober hours. He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior, will desire to let loose his powers of conversation; and who that ever asked succor from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

A celebrated modern poet being invited to dinner by a lady, requested her to provide for him some peppermint cordial and black puddings. Goldsmith's usual beverage, in 1764, was a slight decoction of sassafras, which had at that time a fashionable reputation as a purifier of the blood; and his supper was uniformly a dish of boiled milk. Dr. Shaw, the naturalist, drank largely of green tea; till, having lost the use of one arm, he says he discontinued it, and recovered the use of the limb.

Benjamin Franklin at one time contemplated practising abstinence from animal food. "I hesitated some time," he says, "between principle and inclination, till at last recollecting that, when a cod had been opened, some small fish were found in its belly, I said to myself, if you eat one another, I see no reason why we may not eat you. I accordingly dined on the cod with no small degree of pleasure, and have since continued to eat like the rest of mankind, returning only occasionally to my vegetable plan. How convenient does it prove to be a rational animal, that knows how to find or invent a plausible pretext for whatever it has an inclination to do!"

When Sir Isaac Newton was writing his "Principia," he lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and vegetable diet. Kuhl, the naturalist, was remarkably moderate in regard to food; on his journeys, he required nothing more to allay hunger and thirst than dry bread, with milk and water, provided he could attain the object to which all his labors were directed—the extension of his knowledge.

Milton used to take "a pipe of tobacco and a glass of water," just before going to bed. He recommends.

"The rule of 'not too much,' by temperance taught,
In what thou eat'st and drink'st; seeking from thence
Due nourishment, not gluttonous delight."

Sir Walter Scott, from whose works a very complete code for life and conduct might be selected, used to say, that "greatness of any kind has no greater foe than a habit of drinking." This striking and just remark is, however, only an abridgement of one by Swift, who pronounces temperance to be "a necessary virtue for great men; since it is the parent of that ease and liberty, which are necessary for the improvement of the mind, and which philosophy allows to be the greatest felicities of life." Although our own times are not wholly free from such sad spectacles of moral imbecility, yet the evil is now lessening every year, and the men of might of the present age exult in their enfranchisement from the galling yoke of so inveterate a vice. Praise to the popular Temperance movement of the day.

Among the bright galaxy of the stars that emblazoned the reign of Elizabeth, how many became obscured by some besetting folly! What shall be said for the consistency of Bacon, "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind?" or More, the dispenser of "unbought justice" on the wool-sack—and yet who, in the language of Burney, became "a persecutor, even unto blood?" Diderot must have been a very Jason; for he wrote things so conflicting in their character and aim, that no mortal man could have traced their paternity to one and the same source—differing not only in morals and manners, but also as to time and place.

When the "Utopia" was first published, it occasioned a pleasant mistake. This political romance represents a perfect but visionary republic, in an island supposed to have been somewhere in the Atlantic, near these western shores. "As this was the age of discovery," says Granger, "the learned Budæus and others took it for genuine history, and deemed it expedient to send missionaries thither to convert the people," &c. A blunder has been recorded of the monks in the dark ages, which was not very unlikely to have occurred when their ignorance was so dense. A rector of a parish going to law with his parishioners about paving the church, quoted this authority from St. Peter: "Paveant illi, non paveam ego," which he construed, "They are to pave the church, not I!" and this, forsooth, was admitted as good law—and by the judge, himself an ecclesiastic! Pope, in a note on "Measure for Measure," informs us that the story was taken from Cinthio's Novels, Dec. 8, Nov. 5, i. e., Decade 8, Novel 5. The erudite Warburton, in his edition of the poet, puts the words in full,

thus: December 8, November 5! This is worse even than the French editor who, in a catalogue of works on Natural History, actually inserted the Essay on Irish Bulls, by the Edgeworths. Lalande, the French astronomer, designates the famous philosopher, Ferguson, "Berger au roi d'Angleterre en Ecosse"—the king of England's shepherd for Scotland—the fact is, he was merely, for a few early years of his life, shepherd to a small farmer in the neighbourhood of Keith, in Banffshire. Thomas Holcroft translated Madame Genlis's "Veilles du Chateau" with the incorrect title of Tales of the Castle, instead of Evenings at the Country-House. Every one has heard of Shakespeare's singular mistake as to the geography of Bohemia, and his supposition that Tunis and Naples were at an immeasurable distance from each other. But his error is not greater than that of Apollonius Rhodius, who mentions the Rhone and the Po as meeting and discharging themselves into the Gulf of Venice; or that of Eschylus, who places the river Eridanus in Spain. The chorus in Buchanan's tragedy of Jephtha mentions, in very familiar terms, the wealth of Cresus, who was not born till about six hundred years after Jephtha. Smollett, in his History of England, states that the ancient Britons "sowed no corn, and lived in cottages thatched with straw." If they sowed no corn, how could they get straw in an age when they were wholly cut off from the continent?

Painters are sometimes guilty of anachronisms. We read of one Tintoret, who, in a picture which represents the Israelites gathering manna in the desert, armed the Hebrews with guns! And another brother-artist of Dutch extraction, Brengeli by name, portraying the Eastern Magi, has, it is stated, in accordance with the customs of his country, actually invested the Indian king with a white surplice, boots and spurs, and bearing in his hand, as an offering, the model of a Dutch seventy-four.

As to errors concerning facts merely, and faults against costume, it will be sufficient to notice a painting in a country church in Germany, in which the artist, who had intended to represent the Sacrifice of Isaac, has so far availed himself of poetical license, as to exhibit the patriarch with blunderbuss in his hand, ready to shoot his son, and an angel coming suddenly down from heaven, pouring water on the pan. There is said to be in some Spanish convent a similar picture, in which Abraham is about to shoot Isaac with a pistol! In a monastery, at Messina, there was to be seen, formerly, a letter, said to have been in the autograph of the Virgin; being, however, written on linen paper—thus involving a miracle; we merely mention it for the edification of lovers of the marvellous. We read, in Owen's Travels, that, in the Church of St. Zacharia, at Venice, is a picture of a Virgin and child, whom an angel is entertaining with an air upon the violin. Its date is 1500; and in the college library, at Aberdeen, there is a missal, in one of the illustrative paintings of which are the Angels appearing to the shepherds, one of whom is represented as regaling himself with discordant sounds on the bag pipes!

Without noticing the blunders of some of his contemporaries, it may suffice to refer to a few of the glaring errors of the "world's great poet," which may surprise some. In the Comedy of Errors, speaking of the ancient city of Ephesus, we find allusion made to ducats, marks and gilders, as well as to an abbess of a nunnery, and also to a striking clock. In King John and Macbeth, we find reference made to cannon. We do not learn that any record has been made of this strange anachronism. In Coriolanus, reference is made to Alexander, Cato, and Galen, all of whom lived long subsequent to his day. Cassius, in Julius Caesar, speaks of a clock striking; he must have been endowed with a seer's prophetic vision. Similar mistakes occur in Cymbeline, and some other plays of Shakespeare; but in King Lear, they are as thick as "leaves in Vallambrosa;" e. g., among others, Kent talks like a good Protestant, of eating no fish, and Gloster, of not being compelled to the use of spectacles! Surely it must have been Master Shakespeare that was short-sighted. Surprising as these blunders may seem, the great poet is not the only prominent writer who has thus been "been caught napping."

In the "Last Days of Pompeii," if we mistake not, Nydia, the blind girl, is said to have written a letter to Glaucus, which faculty of the pen must have been of more than mortal origin, as the ingenuity of instructing those deprived of vision, is of a date long subsequent to that of the fated city of Herculaneum. Sir Walter Scott, also, it will be remembered, has been detected in a similar oversight, in one of his great poems, and satirized for it, moreover, by Byron, in his English Bards, &c.

But we must have a taste of real Hibernian wit and blunder. We begin with a certain Irishman, whose friend being arraigned for stealing a goose, and who having brought a neighbor to testify to the said emblem of wisdom having been in his possession ever since she was a gosling, and which testimony cleared him; Pat himself falling into a similar scrape respecting a gun, resorted to a like expedient, by prevailing on a countryman to assert, that he remembered the gun in his possession ever since it was a pistol. Walpole tells another story almost as good. An Irish baronet met his nurse one day, when the latter requested alms. "I will give you nothing," said he; "you played me a mighty scandalous trick in my infancy!" The old woman, in amazement, inquired what injury she had done him! He answered, "I was a fine boy, but you changed me!" This is the very confusion of personal identity. It reminds us of the man, who, on being rescued from drowning in the Seine, promised never again to venture into the water till he had learned to swim! Never did a son of Erin utter a bull more replete with that confusion of identity they are so remarkable for, than that of honest Pat, who, being asked if his sister had been endowed by heaven with a son or daughter! Replied, "Faith, I do not know whether I am an uncle or an aunt!" But what can exceed the absurdity of the Irishman, who requested the history of the world before the creation? Yet this anachronism of ideas is not unparalleled; there was a rabbi, mentioned by Bayle, who asserted that "Providence questioned Adam concerning the creation before he was born!" Corneille, the pet of the French court in its Augustinian age, utters some silly things withal: for example, he makes the voice of a certain princess to inform us that half herself has buried the other half,

"Weep eyes; melt into tears these cheeks to lave;
One half myself lays t'other in the grave!"

And an Italian poet intimates a no less astounding circumstance, concerning a celebrated hero, who finally falls in the action, and continues fighting, even after he is slain:

"Nor yet perceived the vital spirit fled,
But still fought on, nor knew that he was dead!"

CURIOS FORMS OF EXPRESSION BY WRITERS.

In Butler's "Remains," we are told "There is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other." What shall be said, however, (to refer to only a single instance,) of the appositeness of the

titles of that singularly misnamed philological treatise, Tooke's "Diversions of Purley?" Authors are peculiarly liable to indulge in extravagant or hyperbolical expressions, from love of the abstract and poetic; and this propensity often necessarily leads them into the use of inappropriate terms. Salverte, in his ingenious work on the "Philosophy of Magic," has some astute remarks on this point. "Man," he says, "is every where inclined to borrow from the figurative style the name which he gives to any new object, with the aspect of which he has been struck." For instance, a parasol was imported to the centre of Africa, and the inhabitants called it the "cloud;" a picturesque designation which, some day or other, may become the foundation of a marvellous story. Our passions, in short, which speak more frequently than our reason, have introduced expressions eminently figurative into every language, which no longer appear to be such, so completely has their literal sense been lost in the habit of differently applying them. "To be boiling with anger; to bite the ground; swift as the wind; to cast one's eyes; are expressions which, if a foreigner, knowing the words, but not the idioms of the language, were to translate literally, would appear nonsense; and what fables might result! Such, indeed, has been already done: for instance, we are seriously told that Democritus, who devoted his life to observing nature, had put out his eyes, that he might meditate without distraction of mind.

One of the bon mots which contributed to make Talleyrand so famous as a wit, was his definition of speech as, "a faculty given to man for the purpose of concealing his thoughts." Young has a distich which probably first suggested the conceit:

Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind.

Should the reader be inquisitive as to the particular locale referred to by the poet, we shall venture to suggest his prophetic eye had reference to a mysteriously ethereal race of poets of our time, who are ever vaporizing high up in empyrean space, and uttering syllables unknown to vulgar ears—a class of aspiring scribes, with Carlyle and Emerson as their apostles, who are seeking to engrain upon our rich noble old Saxon, a mass of useless, weedy exotics, and whose expression is as inharmonious as it is unintelligible.

Our transcendental friends will not deem us discourteous, if they deny our claim to candor. Without further apology, therefore, we proceed to present a few of the eccentricities of style which sometimes characterize authors.

In Pratt's edition of Bishop Ball's work, there is a glossary comprising over 1,100 obsolete terms; and this is by no means a solitary instance of the kind of even still more recent date, where writers affect a merit in employing quaint and extinct phrases for the mere sake of appearing erudite. Even the polish'd and classic Addison uses the uncouth word, "authenticness for authenticity!" In the "Religio Medici" of the pleasant though affected Sir Thomas Browne, we might quote many droll passages: one may suffice: "That all flesh is grass," says he, "is not only metaphorically, but literally true; for all those creatures we behold are but the herbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in ourselves. Nay, further, we are what we all abhor—anthropophagi and cannibals, devourers not only of men but ourselves; and that not only in an allegory but a positive truth; for all this mass of flesh which we behold, came out at our mouths; this frame we look upon hath been upon our trenchers; in brief, 'we have devoured ourselves!'" As late as 1810, may be found the following passage in the London Baptist Magazine. "The accusation of the Bible against I, Neglectful, made before Judge Conscience, begging his interference in endeavoring to rescue him from a degraded and dangerous situation." Warner in his "Curiosities," cites the following marvellously pathetic passage from a Rev. Divine, condoling with Sir N. Herbert on the loss of his father,—"the blessedness of our dear deceased relations 'is handkerchief enough to dry our weeping eyes!'" Madame Brune, in her biography of Madame de Staél, speaking of her figure gravely says,—"she can hardly be called well made, as the right shoulder was rather larger than the left." Burke the eloquent and metaphorical, in his eulogium upon Mr. Charles Townshend, uses the following most "outré" expressions: "His style of argument was neither trite nor vulgar; nor subtle nor abstruse: 'he hit the house just between wind and water,' &c!" The Abbe du Paty, employed the seemingly paradoxical phrase—"I listened to silence;" query, was it not the "expressive silence" of a certain well known poet? or that referred to in the quaint old line of an earlier muse—

"An horrid silence now 'invades' my ear."

In one of Dryden's dramas there was the following antithetical line, which cost its author some serious discomfiture and loss of reputation,—

My wound is great! because it is so small!

And in another instance, his mental obliquity was still more apparent, when he makes Almazor say to Boabdil, king of Granada,—

Obeyed as sovereign by thy subjects be,
But know that I alone am king of 'me.'

This mode of expression incurred the censure of the critics, which the irritability of Dryden's temper could not easily bear; and it was well retorted upon him by one Heylyn, the nephew of Dr. Heylyn the cosmographer. Not long after the publication of the book the doctor had the misfortune to lose his way upon a large common, which created an innocent laugh against him, as a minute geographer. Mr. Dryden falling into his company, soon after attempted to rally him upon the circumstances, enquiring where it was he lost himself: "Sir," said he in reply, not relishing the badinage from such a cynic, "I cannot answer you exactly, but I recollect it was somewhere in the kingdom of 'me!'" Dryden took up his hat and evaporated. John Evelyn, the author of "Sylva," &c, also wrote a treatise entitled "Fumifugium" in which he inveighs powerfully against the use of coal rather than wood for fuel, in London protesting that the metropolis "resembles the face of mount Etna, the court of Vulcan or Stromboli, rather than the imperial seat of our incomparable monarch." A "black" joke and very near the truth to this day.

Galt, in his life of Cardinal Wolsey, indulges in the following somewhat ludicrous description of one of the monuments of St. Paul's cathedral; he says, "it has two 'chesemongers' with wings, exhibiting a couple of 'double Glouchesters' on which two naval officers have been scratched!" This idiomatic form of expression must have been the offspring of his nocturnal visions after a "Welsh rabbit." The eccentric bookseller of Birmingham, Hutton, in his autobiography, speaking of his respected sire, allows himself in the following equivoque complement,—"After a miserable life pressed down by affliction, he departed, Dec. 13, 1758, at the age of fifty seven—corpulent, weighing about sixteen stone!" Dr. Johnson defined network as anything 'reticulated,' or 'decusated,' with 'interstices' at equal distances between the intersections!" Very lucid forsooth. Sir Thomas Moor's Life of Edward V., 1641, is pathetically entitled "The Pityful Life of Edward V." Dr. Robertson in his "History of Charles

V," has the following singular passage,—"I afterwards found that he was a man of the greatest 'dissolution' in the world!" "Stranger still that he should himself have aided to render him, 'immortal.'" Dr. Sharpe of Oxford, says Grose, "had a ridiculous manner of prefacing everything he said with the words I say." An under graduate having, as the doctor was informed, mimicked him in his peculiarity, he sent for him to give him a jobation, which he thus began: "I say—they say—you say—I say—I say—I say;" when finding the ridiculous combination in which his speech was involved, he concluded by bidding the young satirist to begone to his room. Most persons have some strange habits of this sort, which involuntarily exhibits itself on all ordinary occasions. Some are incessantly splicing in the words, "you know;" and we well remember an individual himself addicted to this very folly, who attempted his reproof of a friend in this wise, "no no, you know, you say you know,—you know, but we don't know,—you know."

We need not remind our readers of the general predisposition to guess, which so prevails in this universal Yankee nation, for few terms are of more frequent recurrence, except it be that which is the great object of all speculations and guessing—dollars and cents. Before closing our gossip, we cannot refrain from citing a curious passage from Sir John Sinclair's "Code of Health," in which he thus expresses himself about pork: "Pork is a savory food, and as this animal is of no use to man when alive, it is properly therefore, designed for food; besides from its loathsome appearance, it is killed without reluctance." The same author is so obliging as to make an apology for the unsightliness of the human stomach. "The stomach," says he, "is far from recommending itself by any eloquence of appearance; on the contrary, it is generally considered an unsightly membranous pouch; but the delicacy of its texture, the consideration of its extraordinary powers, and the importance of its functions to the health and existence of the human frame, must create a salutary reluctance to hazard any practice by which it can be injured." Sir John must have been a very "Pink of Piccadilly"—a beau Brummel of most excruciating delicacy and costly refinement. We often, in our common colloquy use such phrases as—"we will do that in 'no' time"—albeit it is contrary to all chronological verity! Some venerable dames of old time we remember to have heard utter the paradoxical expression, "she 'enjoys' a very 'bad' state of health"—an equivocal "enjoyment" at any rate. Then again it is frequently the mode of description in relating an encounter, that "high" words passed between the parties, no matter how "low" their import. What shall we say in conclusion of the usual terms of salutation, of "how do you do," by ourselves—the Frenchman's "comment Vous portez Vous"—or the Italian's "Come'sta, Signor?" All very idiomatic and funny when you gravely think of them; and it would be whimsical, though not ungrammatical, were we to hear a person say, that that that that person laid an emphasis on, is not that that that should have been used." But it is unnecessary to extend the subject; our own vernacular is not alone encumbered by such excrescences, and however we may repudiate them, it is a hopeless task to attempt to reform the age in this particular.—*Dem. Review.*

AFFAIRS OF GREAT BRITAIN AND DENMARK IN

1807—No. 2.

The occurrences in the north contributed as much as the victories of our armies to augment the pretensions of the First Consul. He had hitherto sought anxiously for peace with Austria; in the first place to have peace, and, in the next, to secure himself against one of those changes of humour so frequent in the Emperor Paul. For some months past, it is true, that prince had shown a keen resentment against Austria and England; but a manoeuvre of the Austrian or English cabinet might bring back the Czar to the coalition, and France would again have all Europe upon her hands. It was this apprehension which had induced the First Consul to brave the inconveniences of a winter campaign, in order to crush Austria while she was deprived of the support of the forces of the continent. The turn which events had recently taken in the north having relieved him from all fear on this head, he had become at once more patient and more exacting. Paul, in fact, had formally broken with his late allies, and thrown himself completely into the arms of France, with that warmth which he showed in all his actions. Strongly disposed to this line of conduct by the effect produced upon his mind by the victory of Marengo, by the restitution of the Russian prisoners, by the offer of the island of Malta lastly, by the adroit and delicate flatteries of the First Consul, he had been definitely decided by a recent event. It will be recollect that the First Consul, despairing of saving Malta, strictly blockaded by the English, had conceived the happy idea of offering that island to Paul I.; that this prince had received that offer with transport; that he had commissioned M. de Sprengarten to go to Paris, to thank the head of the French government, to receive the Russian prisoners and to conduct them to Malta, to form its garrison. But in the mean time, General Vaubois, reduced to the last extremity, had been compelled to surrender the island to the English. This event, which, under any other circumstances, must have mortified the First Consul, grieved him but little. "I have lost Malta," said he, "but I have put an apple of discord into the hands of my enemies." Paul hastened to claim from England the seat of the order of St. John of Jerusalem; but the British cabinet, instead of giving it up, replied by a flat refusal. Paul was enraged beyond measure. He laid an embargo on the English shipping, caused so many as three hundred of their vessels at once to be seized in the ports of Russia, and even ordered such as endeavoured to escape to be sunk. This circumstance, added to the quarrel of the neutrals noticed above, could not fail to produce a war. The czar put himself at the head of this quarrel, calling to his aid Sweden, Denmark and even Prussia, and proposing to them to renew the league of maritime neutrality of 1780. He invited the king of Sweden to repair to St. Petersburg, to confer with him on this important subject. Gustavus went thither, and was magnificently entertained. Paul, full of the mania with which he was possessed, held at St. Petersburg a grand chapter of Malta, admitted as knights the King of Sweden and all the personages who accompanied him, and conferred most lavishly the honours of the Order. But he did something more serious—he immediately renewed the league of 1780. On the 26th of December, a declaration was signed by the ministers of Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, by which those three maritime powers engaged to maintain, even by arms, the principles of the law of neutrals. They specified all these principles in their declaration, without omitting one of those which we have mentioned, and which France had just induced America to recognise. They bound themselves, moreover, to unite their forces, and to direct them in common against any power whatever that should violate the rights which they alleged to belong to them. Denmark, though extremely zealous for the interests of the neutrals, would have been glad not to proceed so fast; but the czar defended her for three months, and she hoped that, before her waters were navigable, England would have given way, or at least that the preparations

of the neutrals of the Baltic would be sufficient to prevent the British fleet from appearing before the Sound, as it had done in the month of August last. Prussia too, which would rather have negotiated than proceeded with such promptness, was hurried along like Sweden and Denmark, and gave her adhesion two days afterwards to the declaration of St. Petersburg.

These were important events, and insured to France the alliance of the whole north of Europe against England; but these were not all the diplomatic successes of the First Consul. The Emperor Paul had proposed to Prussia to concur with France in what was passing at Luneville, and to agree to three of the bases of the general peace. Now, the tenor of the communications^{*} of these two powers to our government, entirely coincided with those principles on which France had most insisted at Luneville.

Prussia and Russia conceded the left bank of the Rhine, without dispute, to the French Republic; but they demanded an indemnity for the princes who lost portions of territory, but solely for the hereditary princes, and by means of the secularization of the Ecclesiastical States. This was precisely the principle which Austria repudiated, and which France proposed. Russia and Prussia demanded the independence of Holland, of Switzerland, of Piedmont, and of Naples, which, at the moment, was in no way contrary to the designs of the First Consul. The Emperor Paul interfered in behalf of Naples and Piedmont, solely on account of the treaty of alliance concluded with those states in 1798, when it had been necessary to involve them in the second coalition war; but he meant to protect Naples only on condition that this court should break with England. As for Piedmont he claimed but a slight indemnity for the cession of Savoy to France. He thought it right, and Prussia with him, that France should curb the ambition of Austria in Italy, and confine her within the boundary of the Adige. Paul became at last so ardent, that he proposed to the First Consul to form a close alliance with him against England, and to engage not to make peace with her, until the restitution of Malta to the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. This was more than was desired by the First Consul, who was shy of such absolute engagements. Paul, wishing appearances to correspond with the real state of things, opened, instead of the clandestine communications between M. de Krudener and General Beurnonville in Berlin, a public negotiation in Paris itself. He accordingly appointed M. de Kalitscheff as plenipotentiary to treat ostensibly with the French cabinet. M. de Kalitscheff received orders to repair immediately to France. This negotiator was the bearer of a letter addressed to the First Consul, and, moreover, written by the Emperor Paul with his own hand. We already had M. de Sprengporten in Paris; we were now about to have M. de Kalitscheff: it was not possible to desire a more signal reconciliation of Russia with France.—*Thiers' "Consulate &c."*

The first interview between Bonaparte and the emperor Alexander, took place on the 25th of June, on a raft constructed for that purpose on the river Niemen, where two tents had been prepared for their reception. The two emperors landed from their boat at the same time, and embraced each other. A magnificent dinner was afterwards given by Napoleon's guard to those of Alexander and the king of Prussia; when they exchanged uniforms and were to be seen in motley dresses, partly French, partly Russian and partly Prussian. The articles by which peace was granted to Russia were, under all the circumstances remarkably favorable. Alexander agreed to acknowledge the kings of Buonaparte's making, and the confederation of the Rhine. Napoleon undertook to mediate a peace between the Porte and Russia; Alexander having undertaken to be the mediator between France and England, or in the event of his mediation being refused, to shut his ports against British commerce. The terms imposed on the king of Prussia were marked by characteristic severity. The city of Dantz was declared independent; and all the Polish provinces, with Westphalia, were ceded by Prussia to the conqueror, by which means the king of Prussia was stripped of nearly half his possessions, and one third of his revenues. All his ports were likewise to be closed against England till a permanent peace.

The unexampled influence which Napoleon had now acquired over the nations of Europe, to say nothing of that spirit of domination which he everywhere exercised, rendered it extremely improbable that Denmark would long preserve her neutrality; nay, the English ministers had good reason to believe that a ready acquiescence to the dictates of the French emperor would be found in the court of Copenhagen. As it was therefore feared that the Danish fleet would fall into the hands of the enemy, it was thought expedient to despatch a formidable armament to the Baltic and to negotiate with the Danish government. The basis of the negotiation was a proposal to protect the neutrality of Denmark, on condition that its fleet should be deposited in the British ports till the termination of the war with France. As this proposal was rejected, and as the general conduct of the Danes betrayed their partiality for the French, the armament, which consisted of 27 sail of the line, and 20,000 land forces, under the command of Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart, made preparations for investing the city. A tremendous cannonading then commenced. The cathedral, many public edifices and private houses were destroyed, with the sacrifice of 2000 lives, from the 2d of September till the evening of the 5th, the conflagration was kept up in different places, when, a considerable part of the city being consumed, and the remainder threatened with speedy destruction, the general commanding the garrison sent out a flag of truce, desiring an armistice, to afford time to treat for a capitulation. This being arranged, a mutual restitution of prisoners took place, and the Danish fleet, consisting of 18 sail of the line and fifteen frigates, together with all the naval stores, surrendered to his Britannic majesty's forces. The Danish government however, refused to ratify the capitulation, and issued a declaration of war against Great Britain. This unexpected enterprise against a neutral power served as an ostensible cause for Russia to commence hostilities against Great Britain; and a manifesto was published on the 31st of October ordering the detention of all British ships and property.

The two grand objects to which the attention of Buonaparte was principally directed, were the annihilation of the trade of Great Britain and the extension of his dominions. In order to attain the former of these objects, he in November issued at Berlin a decree, by which the British islands were declared to be in a state of blockade, and all neutral vessels that traded to them without his consent were subject to capture and confiscation. This new mode of warfare excited at first the apprehensions of the British merchants; but the cabinet were resolved to retaliate, and accordingly issued the celebrated *orders in council*, by which France and all the powers under her influence were declared to be in a state of blockade, and all neutral vessels that should trade between the hostile powers without touching at some ports of Great Britain, were liable to be seized. These unprecedented measures were extremely detrimental to all

neutral powers, especially to the Americans, who were the general carriers of colonial produce. They, by way of retaliation laid an embargo in all the ports of the United States, and notwithstanding the extinction of their commerce, long persisted in the measure.—*Treasury of History.*

COPENHAGEN IN THE YEAR 1807.

The first expedition sent out in 1807 by the new ministry was attended by some painful circumstances, but with complete success, at least to our arms. The terrible chastisement in 1801 which the Danes had received at the hands of Lord Nelson had not promoted any friendly feeling towards England. They had professed to remain neutral; but, even more than before the chastisement, they had favoured the French. A woful experience had taught England and her allies how little Bonaparte respected the neutrality of any country that was weak when it suited his purpose to violate. The predominant idea of that conqueror now was to enforce what he termed his "continental system," to carry into effect in every maritime state of Europe his Berlin decree, in conformity with which all ports were to be closed against the British flag and trade.—Russia, by events had been compelled to accede; the Hanse Towns, with all the rivers of the north of Germany, Holland, and its outlets, were occupied by French troops; Sweden could not long offer any valid opposition: but the system would be incomplete in the north of Europe unless Denmark, who holds the keys of the Baltic in her hand, and whose trade and enterprise and mercantile marine were very considerable, should be, by negotiation and treaty, or by military force, brought into it. It was known to our cabinet that there had been negotiations of a secret nature, and it was equally well known that Bonaparte would not hesitate to employ force if negotiation failed. The north of Germany was swarming with his troops, and with the troops his brother Louis had brought into Hanover from Holland; an entire *corps d'armee* was lying not many days' march from that frontier of Denmark where the heroic and unfriended Blucher had been compelled to lay down his arms. There was no army in Denmark at all capable of resisting these French forces: the country was indubitably Bonaparte's as soon as he might choose to take possession of it, and with the country he would gain a fine fleet and well-stored arsenals and dockyards. If England could have relied on the friendship of Denmark, there was no relying on her weakness; if the court, the cabinet, and the country had been devoted to us, instead of being alienated from us—if, instead of an evident leaning towards France, which had lasted for many years, there had been a high and resolute spirit of patriotism, with the determination to resist foreign interference and dictation, we could not have relied upon the ability of the Danes to oppose the mighty will which had overthrown a great military power like Prussia almost at a single blow, which had for the time subjugated Russia as well as Austria, and which had involved in a vortex all the old principalities and powers of Europe. A capital part of the case reduced itself simply to this—if we did not make sure of the Danish fleet Bonaparte was sure to get it, a little sooner or later. The justification of the conduct adopted by our government may be explained with almost equal brevity:—a man knows that his next or near neighbour has in his possession a huge barrel of gunpowder; he may believe that this neighbour will not set fire to his powder so as to endanger his house and property; but he knows that there is an evil-disposed person living over the way who has a design upon the powder and the intention of blowing up his house with it, and, knowing at the same time that the owner of the powder cannot defend it or keep it out of the way of the evil-disposed person, he demands that it should be put into his hands, which are strong enough to keep it, and which can put it beyond the reach of the evil-disposed party, offering to restore it when the danger shall be passed, or to pay the price of it; and when the weak neighbour rejects this proposition he takes the powder by force, to prevent its being seized and employed against his own house and property. Grotius says—"I may, without considering whether it is merited or not, take possession of that which belongs to another man, if I have reason to apprehend any evil to myself from his holding it. I cannot make myself master or proprietor of it, the property having nothing to do with the end which I propose; but I can keep possession of the thing seized till my safety be sufficiently provided for." The great law of nature, the instinct and duty of self-preservation, would recommend and justify this course; and in order to attain success, execution must follow rapidly and suddenly on the conception of the plan, for if the person over the way learns the project beforehand, he will seize the gunpowder before the threatened man can secure it:—and thus our government rushed to its object without a declaration of war against Denmark, which would have defeated everything, and have thrown the Danish fleet into the hands of Bonaparte. It was utterly impossible for the Prince Royal of Denmark to keep his ships out of the clutches of our mortal enemy, who intended to avail himself of the subjugation of the continent in making the most strenuous efforts for creating a new French navy, and for bringing into action along with all the fleets of Europe. Bonaparte had too thoroughly the book of the law of nations for any British ministry in its senses to count upon one of its torn pages. The enemies of the conqueror had already suffered too severely from binding themselves by laws which were less than gossamer to him. The uncontrollable rage which he felt and expressed on learning the daring blow which had been struck at Copenhagen clearly evinced his intentions as to Denmark and her fleet, and the bitterness of his disappointment at finding the prize gone before he could clutch it.[†] But there was more than this: the Danish government, which had said nothing against the Berlin decree, although it was an attack on the rights of all neutral commercial nations, had raised a terrible clamour against the retaliating order of the council of January the 7th, 1807, wherein the British government prohibited the trade of neutrals, which property belonging to an enemy, from any one port to another, both being in the possession of France or of her allies. At the end of the American war, when the armed neutrality or maritime confederacy of the northern powers had been projected, Denmark had put herself in the van; and there was not only ground for believing that that confederacy against the maritime superiority of Great Britain was to be revived, but our cabinet had also obtained information that the Emperor Alexander had agreed to place himself at the head of it, and the Crown Prince of Denmark to become a party to it. The court of Copenhagen would certainly have given us no previous notice of its intention; it would have held up the treaty of peace with England as a screen to conceal its hostile preparations, and as soon as the opportune moment came it would, "in a time of profound peace," have turned its cannon against our heart of hearts. Surely it is time to have done with all this ridiculous verbiage about the attack on Den-

^{*} The success of the attack on Copenhagen," says Fouche, "was the first thing which draged the secret article of the treaty of Tilsit, in virtue of which the navy of Denmark was to be put at the disposal of France. Since the catastrophe of Paul I., I had never seen Napoleon in such a transport of rage. That which struck him most in this vigorous *coup de main* was the promptitude and resolution of the English ministry."—*Memoires de Fouche, Due d'Ortrants, &c.*

[†] Letter of the King of Prussia of the 14th of January, communicated by M. de Luechesini.

mark in time of profound peace! What ministers could not then declare to a loud and passionate opposition, who showed a wonderful alacrity in putting the French construction upon the whole case, and in echoing and re-echoing Bonaparte's cry about the violation of the law of nations, was revealed ten years after, when the reasons for concealment were removed by the death of the persons who had made the discovery:—a secret article of the treaty of Tilsit, which provided for the seizure of the Danish fleet by France and Russia, was publicly revealed, and an authenticated copy of it produced in parliament. In 1807 and 1808 ministers, in reply to all the taunts and challenges of their political adversaries, could only state that they had good grounds for believing that this article existed, and that the seizure of the Danish fleet only formed a part of an extensive system for uniting the navies of the world against us. When we come to treat of the affairs of Portugal, another neutral, weak, and helpless power, we shall see that the first demand the French ambassador made was that the Portuguese should unite their naval forces to the French, and seize and confiscate all the British property in their dominions. After all this, doubts (which might suit party purposes for the time) ought no longer to be expressed by Englishmen as to the immediate designs of Bonaparte against the fleet and naval stores of the Danes, or as to the extent to which the government of Denmark would have acquiesced in his demands.

Early in the summer of 1807 a powerful expedition was fitted out in our ports, with a secrecy and promptitude highly honorable to the new ministry. A fleet of twenty-five sail of the line, with upwards of forty frigates, sloops, bomb-vessels, and gun-brigs, and 377 transports, was prepared and got ready for sea; and about 27,000 land troops, of which more than one half were Germans in British pay, were embarked. These mighty preparations appear to have been commenced and concluded within less than a month from the time at which the cabinet took its determination. The command of the fleet was intrusted to Admiral Gambier, and the command in chief of the army to Lord Cathcart, who had been previously dispatched to the shores of the Baltic with some troops to act as auxiliaries to the King of Sweden, whose fate it had been to do very little for the coalition. It was the good fortune of Lord Cathcart to have under his command Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, whose exploits in India had already gained for him a high reputation throughout the British army. On the 26th of July, Gambier set sail from Yarmouth Roads—where Nelson had landed after his great battle of the Baltic—with the principal division of the fleet. On the 1st of August, when Gambier was off the entrance of Gothenburg, he detached Commodore Keats with four ships of the line, three frigates, and ten brigs, to the passage of the Great Belt, to cut off any supplies of Danish troops that might attempt to cross from Holstein to Zealand and the capital. Admiral Gambier himself preceeded to the Sound, passed the castles there without molestation or challenge, and got to anchor in Elsinore Roads. By the evening of the 9th of August, all the transports were safely collected round the admiral, and Lord Cathcart had arrived with the troops from Stralsund. The crown prince was with the main body of the Danish army at Kiel, in Holstein. That army was from 20,000 to 30,000 strong, but, from the station which he occupied in the passage of the Great Belt, Commodore Keats kept it completely in check, or at least prevented its crossing over the island of Zealand for the protection of the capital. Mr. Jackson, who had resided for some years as British envoy in the north of Germany, and who was personally acquainted with most of the Danish ministers, was sent over to Kiel to attempt an amicable arrangement with the crown prince, on the basis of his delivering up the Danish fleet to the British admiral, on the solemn assurance that it should be restored at a general peace, or at the conclusion of the war between France and England. The answer was an angry and indignant refusal. Jackson returned on board: the prince sent a messenger to Copenhagen with orders to put the city in the best possible state of defence. It was the evening of the 10th of August when this courier reached Copenhagen, which had been taken so completely by surprise, that scarcely a gun was mounted on the ramparts, and the whole armed force collected in the city or stationed on the whole island exclusive of sailors, but inclusive of 2000 militia and about 3500 citizen volunteers, did not exceed 12,000 or 13,000 men. On the morning of the 11th the crown prince himself quitted Kiel, and embarked to cross over from Holstein to his capital: as he was accompanied only by his staff and attendants, the British ships of war allowed him to pass; and Mr. Jackson was sent after him to attempt again to bring him to a compliance by representing the impracticability of any valid resistance, and by assuring him of the liberality and steadiness of England if he would only contract an alliance offensive and defensive with us. The crown prince, who arrived in his capital about the hour of noon on the 11th, repeated his refusal, and is said to have exclaimed—"You offer us your alliance; but we know what it is worth! Your allies, who have been vainly expecting your succours for a whole year, have taught us what is the worth of English friendship!" If the prince said not the words, he might, with some reason, have said them: the "All-Talents" ministry had left our ally the czar unsuccoured for nearly a year. If the Russians had been properly supported by England there would have been no secret article between the czar and the French, there would have been no treaty of Tilsit, and no occasion for these measures in the Baltic, which the said ministers, as heads of a clamorous opposition, imputed to the present cabinet as high state crimes. Instead of treating with Mr. Jackson, the crown prince hurried on the preparations which his people were making for the defence of his capital, and urged them as patriots to defend Copenhagen and its port to the utmost. But the prince did not stay, as he had done at the time of Nelson's visit, when the strife was more equal, to take a part in the combat: he quitted his capital on the 12th, and, leaving the command of the forces in Copenhagen to a major-general, he went into Jutland. Contrary winds kept the British fleet stationary in Elsinore Roads until the morning of the 15th, when, at a very early hour, the men-of-war and transports weighed, and worked up to the Bay of Wedbeck, about midway between Elsinore and Copenhagen. Here Admiral Gambier and the bulk of the fleet anchored, while a small squadron proceeded higher up the Sound to make a diversion. On the morning of the 16th a part of the land troops were disembarked at Wedbeck, without opposition. The fleet then weighed, and made all sail for Copenhagen. Before quitting Wedbeck Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier issued a proclamation to the Danes, declaring that the recent treaties of peace and the changes of government and territory had so far increased the influence of France on the continent as to render it impossible for Denmark to preserve its neutrality, if ever so much inclined so to do; that it was necessary for England to take measures to prevent the arms of a neutral power from being turned against her, and that therefore she judged it expedient to demand the temporary deposit of the Danish ships of the line in one of his majesty's ports; and that, as became the duty he owed to himself and his people, his majesty's demand was supported by a powerful fleet, and by an army amply supplied with everything necessary for an active and determined enterprise.—

The proclamation did not fail to express friendly sentiments towards the Danish people, and regret for the necessity of the present proceeding. "We come to your shores," it said, "not as enemies, but in self-defence, to prevent those who have so long disturbed the peace of Europe from compelling the force of your navy to be employed against us. We ask deposit—we have not looked to capture: so far from it, the most solemn pledge has been offered to your government, and it is hereby renewed, that if our demand be acceded to, every ship belonging to the Danish navy shall at the conclusion of a general peace, be restored to her, in the same condition and state of equipment as when received under the protection of the British flag. It is in the power of your government, by a word, to sheathe our swords, most reluctantly drawn against you; but if these offers are rejected, and the machinations of France render you deaf to the voice of reason and the call of friendship, the innocent blood that will be shed, and the horrors of a besieged and bombarded capital, must fall on your own heads and those of your cruel advisers." The crown prince's general replied with a counter proclamation or edict ordering the seizure of all British vessels and property. On the 17th, the Danish gunboats, taking advantage of a calm, set fire to an English merchant vessel, fired at some of our transports coming from Stralsund, and also attacked with round and grape shot the piquets of Lord Cathcart's army. These gunboats were driven into Copenhagen harbour by our bomb vessels; and on the evening of the 17th, Admiral Gambier, with sixteen sail of the line, came to anchor in Copenhagen Road, about four miles to the north-east of the Tre Kroner, or crown battery, which had fired with such terrible effect into Nelson's ship. By the 21st the island of Zealand was completely surrounded by the British ships, which prevented all ingress or egress; on the 22nd General Mac Farlane's division, having been landed the preceding evening, joined the army and encamped in rear of head-quarters; and in the course of the 23d Lord Royston, who had landed with another division of troops in Keog Bay, joined the main army and covered its centre. While the English army were engaged in securing the position, in drawing up their heavy artillery, and in choosing ground for their batteries, the Danish prams and gunboats, manoeuvring in water, where our ships could not approach, made several furious attacks on the British batteries, and cannonaded the right of the British line, composed of the guards, who had taken up their station in the suburbs of Copenhagen. But the guards, on the 27th, were covered by a good battery; and four 24-pounders, being brought to bear on the Danish gun-boats, soon drove that division away with considerable loss. On the 29th Sir Arthur Wellesley marched to Keog, where some of the Danish troops and militia had taken up a strong entrenched position with the view of molesting the besiegers in their rear. These Danes were completely defeated and dispersed, Sir Arthur taking upwards of sixty officers and 1100 men, ten or fourteen pieces of cannon, and a quantity of powder and other stores. Though intrenched, the Danes could not stand the charge of the 92nd regiment, which led the attack, and in their flight they threw away their arms and clothing. The Danes in Copenhagen attempted several sorties, but they were each time driven back with loss. In one of these affairs Sir David Baird was twice wounded, but he did not quit the field. There was some more hot skirmishing with prams, gun-boats, and floating batteries on the 31st; and one of our armed transports was blown up by a shell thrown from the Tre Kroner. On the 1st of September it was found necessary to detach Commodore Keats to blockade Stralsund, for that place was already in possession of the French, who might have made some desperate attempt to send across reinforcements to the island of Zealand. So great had been the necessity of rapid and decisive movement—so short the time which would have been necessary for the location of an imposing French force in Copenhagen. On the evening of the same day—the 1st of September—the army having nearly finished its gun and mortar batteries, the two British commanders-in-chief summoned the Danish major-general to surrender the fleet. The Dane requested time to consult the crown prince his master. Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart refused to allow him any such delay; and on the 2d all the British land-batteries opened upon the town, and our bomb-vessels began to throw some shells into it. The town, which contained many wooden buildings, was set on fire by some of the first shells that were thrown; but the Danes made good use of the fire-engines, and continued to answer manfully with their shot and shell. It was a terrible night: the city and the space immediately round it looked like a volcano in a state of eruption. The British continued their bombardment without any intermission till eight o'clock on the morning of the 3rd; they suspended their fire till the evening, and then, though they continued it throughout the night, they fired with less vigour wishing to avoid inflicting a greater mischief on the poor inhabitants than was necessary; but, on the morning of the 4th, seeing no symptoms of surrender, they renewed the bombardment with more fury than ever. Without counting the bomb-vessels afloat, about fifty mortars and howitzers, and twenty 24-pounders, well placed in land batteries, rained shot and shell into the devoted town, which began to burn and blaze in all quarters. A huge timber-yard was set on fire by our red-hot shot; the steeple of the metropolitan church was ignited and knocked down in a blaze to spread the conflagration; the fire-engines were all knocked to pieces, and many of the firemen killed or wounded. On the evening of the 5th the Danish governor sent a flag of truce, and requested an armistice of twenty-four hours to allow him to treat for a capitulation. Lord Cathcart answered that an armistice must lead to unnecessary delay, and that no capitulation could be granted unless it were accompanied by the surrender of the whole Danish fleet. The Danish major-general then consented to the surrender of the fleet; and Major-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, Lieutenant-Colonel George Murray, deputy-quarter-master-general, and Sir Home Popham, whose disgrace for the South American escapade had only lasted until the downfall of the "All-talents" ministry, and who was now acting as captain of the fleet, were appointed to settle the few and simple remaining conditions of the capitulation. By the morning of the 7th of September the articles were signed and ratified. The British were to be put in possession of the citadel, and of all the ships-of-war and their stores; as soon as they should have removed the ships and stores, or within six weeks, from the date of the capitulation, or sooner if possible, they were to deliver up the citadel to the Danes and quit the island of Zealand: no person whatsoever was to be molested, and all property, public or private, with the exception of the ships and vessels of war and the naval stores belonging to his Danish majesty, was to be respected; and everything was promised to be done which might tend to produce union and harmony between the two nations: all prisoners taken on both sides were to be unconditionally restored; and any English property that might have been sequestered in consequence of the existing hostilities was to be given back to the owners thereof. On the 8th the British troops entered the town and citadel, and the sailors instantly began to get the Danish fleet ready for sea. So great was the rapidity with which they worked, and so well were the Danish stores arranged in the warehouses, that in nine days fourteen sail of the line

were towed out from the inner harbour to the road, and got ready for sea although all these ships had only their lower masts in, some of them had scuttled holes made in their hulls in order to sink them (a measure which the Danes contemplated in their despair), and all of them stood in need of repair. Within the space of six weeks three more ships-of-the-line, with the frigates and sloops, were got ready, and the arsenal and its store-houses were completely cleared. There were three seventy-fours on the stocks; two of them were taken to pieces, and the best of their timbers were embarked; the third ship was destroyed, as were a rotten old 64 and two or three old frigates. This left in the possession of the captors seventeen ships-of-the-line, one 60, two 40, six, 46, and two 32-gun frigates, fourteen corvettes, sloops, brigs, and schooners, and twenty-five gun boats. It has been properly said that the benefit to England was not what she had acquired, but what Denmark had lost—Some of the ships were old and not worth repairing; one of the 80-gun ships grounded on a sandbank a little below Copenhagen and was destroyed, and a storm in the Cattagat led to the destruction of all the gun-boats except three. The most valuable part of the seizure consisted of the masts, spars, timber, sails, cordage, and other naval stores. The quantity was so immense that, exclusive of the stores that were shipped on board of the British and Danish men-of-war, ninety transports, measuring more than 30,000 tons, brought away full cargoes. The ordnance brought away is stated at 2041 long guns, 202 carronades, and 222 mortars. The prize-money due to the troops alone was estimated at nearly 1,000,000/

On the 20th of October the last division of the British army was re-embarked with the utmost tranquillity, and without a single casualty. The total loss sustained in the whole course of the operations on shore and afloat amounted only to 56 killed, 179 wounded, and 25 missing. The loss of the Danes, in the bombardment of the town, appears to have been much exaggerated; but probably about 1000 persons (among whom were, unhappily, included women and children, the governor not having availed himself of the opportunity offered him of sending out of the town the women, children, and old men) were either killed or wounded; above 300 houses were destroyed, and nearly all the rest were more or less injured. On the 21st, in the morning, the British fleet, with its prizes and its transports, sailed from Copenhagen Road in three great divisions; and, at the close of the month, it reached in safety Yarmouth Roads and the Downs. Bonaparte seems to have been astonished that the English did not carry away the hardy Danish sailors as well as their ships.

Mr. Jackson, before taking his final leave, made some more diplomatic overtures, to which the exasperated crown prince would not listen. As soon as the British fleet had passed the Sound, the Danes fitted out a number of small vessels, which made very successful depredations on the English merchant-men in the Baltic, who seem to have had neither a proper warning from our admiral or government, nor the necessary protection of convoy. A declaration of war followed on the part of the crown prince, who had a formidable French army at his elbow, and an alliance with the Emperor of Russia in perspective. On the 4th of November the British government ordered reprisals to be granted against the ships, goods and subjects of Denmark. But it had not waited so long to invade and possess itself of Danish territory. On the 4th of September, three days before the governor of Copenhagen finished his capitulation, Vice-Admiral T. Macanamara Russell and Captain Lord Falkland captured the small Danish island of Heligoland in the German Ocean. The place was a perpendicular unproductive rock, with a barren sandy flat at the foot of it: its entire circumference did not exceed three English miles, and it was subject to such rapid waste by the beating and washing of that stormy sea that there appeared a chance of its being some day washed away altogether.—But there were circumstances which rendered the bare inhospitable spot of exceeding great value to England at the moment: it was situated off the mouth of the Elbe, and at the distance of only twenty-five miles from the mouths of the Weser and the Eyder; it could scarcely be better placed as a depot for British manufactures, colonial produce, and other goods, which could be smuggled up the mouths of the neighbouring rivers and conveyed into the interior of the Continent; and, at the same time, it afforded a safe asylum in those dangerous waters to the English men-of-war and cruisers, which were now shut out from every port in the North Seas, except those of Sweden, and which were very soon to be excluded from the Swedish ports also. Heligoland, too, served as an admiral: it constantly reminded the mariners and coast-dwelling people of those northern regions, that there was an element which did not own the sway of Bonaparte; and the French could hardly look seaward from their conquests in Oldenburg and Hanover without seeing the proud flag of England floating over that near rock.

When it was far too late, Mr. Canning dispatched Lord Leveson Gower to reconcile the irritated czar, and bring him back to that close alliance with England which had been broken by English folly, faction, slowness, and want of timely liberality. Alexander would not even grant an audience to the noble envoy; and his lordship returned to England with the painful convictions that Russia had taken her part, that she had entered very deeply into the projects of France, and that she had agreed to place at the temporary disposal of Bonaparte her own fleet of nineteen or twenty sail of the line, and to allow him to obtain, by fair means or by foul, the fleet of Denmark and the eleven or twelve sail of the line which belonged to Sweden. When the news of our attack on Copenhagen and our seizure of the Danish fleet reached him, Alexander joined chorus in the outcry that was raised by France; but whether it was that he had already recovered from some of his temporary illusions, and from the spell which the Emperor of the West had thrown over him, or whether it was but a proof of habitual Russian duplicity, Alexander is said to have expressed to a distinguished British officer (Sir Robert Wilson) his very great joy at the bold and decisive step which the British government had taken.*

* Hardeburg, the Prussian minister, says:—"The capture of the Danish fleet was not the cause, but the pretext, of the rupture of Russia with England. The cabinet of Petersburgh was not sorry at so fair an opportunity for getting quit of all restraints upon its meditated hostilities in the north; and, notwithstanding all its loud declamations against the Copenhagen expedition, it beheld with more satisfaction the success of England in that quarter than it would have done the junction of the Danish fleet with the navy of the French emperor." General Jomini, the most scientific, and in all other matters one of the best informed, of all Bonaparte's biographers, has not the shadow of a doubt as to Bonaparte's intention of gaining possession of the fleet of Denmark, in common with the fleets of all Europe. He deliberately lays down and expounds the system which was to be adopted, and the use which was to be made of this vast aggregate naval force. Speaking in the person of Bonaparte, Jomini says, "After Russia joined my alliance, Prussia as a matter of course, followed her example; Portugal, Sweden, and the pope alone required to be gained over, for we were well aware that Denmark would hasten to throw herself into our arms. If England refused the mediation of Russia, all maritime forces of the continent were to be employed against her, and the continent could muster 180 sail of the line. In a few years this force could be raised to 250 sail of the line. With the aid of such a fleet, and with my immense flotilla, it was by no means impossible to carry a European army to London. One hundred ships of the line employed against the British colonies in the two hemispheres would have

KNICKERBOCKER GOSSIP.

The ensuing lines are quite in the style of Thackeray's "Peg of Limavady," yet they are perfectly original, and do not even verge upon parody. The reader will observe how completely the measure chimes with rail road motion:—

Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!
Men of different 'stations'
In the eye of Fame
Here are very quickly
Coming to the same!
High and lowly people,
Birds of every feather,
On a common level
Travelling together.
Gentlemen in shorts
Looming very tall;
Gentlemen at large
Talking very small;
Gentlemen in tights
With a loose-ish mien;
Gentlemen in grey
Looking rather green;
Gentlemen quite old
Asking for the news;
Gentlemen in black
In a fit of "blues";
Gentlemen in claret
Sober as a vicar;
Gentlemen in snuff
Dreadfully in liquor:
Stranger on the right
Looking very sunny,
Obviously reading
Something rather funny;
Now the smiles are thicker;
Wonder what they mean?
Faith he's got the Knickerbocker Magazine!

Stranger on the left
Closing up his peepers;
Now he snores amain
Like the Seven Sleepers!
At his feet a volume
Gives the explanation
How the man grew stupid
From "Association!"
Market women careful
Of the precious casket,
Knowing "eggs are eggs,"
Frightly holds her basket;
Feeling that a "smash,"
If it came, would surely
Send her eggs to pot
Rather prematurely!
Ancient maiden lady
Anxiously remarks,
That there must be peril
'Mong so many sparks:
Roguish looking fellow,
Turning to the stranger,
Says it's his opinion
She is out of danger.
Woman with her baby
Sitting vis-a-vis;
Baby keeps a squalling,
Woman looks at me;
Asks about the distance,
Says its tiresome talking,
Noises of the cars
Are so very shocking!
Singing through the forests,
Rattling over ridges,
Shooting under arches,
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through the mountains,
Buzzing o'er the vale—
Bless me!—this is pleasant,
Riding on a rail!

We heard an incident mentioned the other day, by a distinguished fellow-citizen, who derived it, while formerly residing in Paris, from the lips of Talleyrand himself, which we shall venture to jot down in this place. An eminent French prelate, being about to visit America in one of the transient vessels at that time sailing from Portsmouth England, having heard, while in that city, that an intelligent American gentleman, conversant with the affairs of his country, had lodgings at an inn near them, resolved to seek him out, and to ask the favor of a letter from him to some of his influential countrymen, they waited upon him for that purpose, and preferred their request. The American heard him through, but was observed to manifest some perturbation before they had finished. When they had concluded he said: "Gentlemen, I should be glad to comply with your desire; but I am probably the only American resident on this side of the Atlantic whose letter would not ensure you courtesy and kindness from my countrymen." The French gentlemen, (one of them the Bishop of Autun, if we remember rightly,) too courteous to ask why this should be the case, politely withdrew from the apartment. *That American was Benedict Arnold, the Traitor.*

The following might perhaps be doubted by the reader, were we not to state, that we copy it from the letter of a distinguished Western clergyman: "By the way, a good thing happened here a while since. Our Methodist brethren of the "Church of the colored Messiah," got warmed up pretty decidedly; in the midst of which the minister prayed: "Oh Lord, curtail the influence of the devil!" "Amen!" responded one of the worshippers; and, another, catching the prevailing enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Yes, e'yah! Lord-ah! cut his tail off clean and cl'ar-ah! !"

A friend writing from Newport (Rhode Island,) says:—"I heard a very respectable 'bull' here the other day. A lady had all her cherries stolen in one night. The gardener was charging it on the robins. She was not to be 'done' in that way, and replied: "I guess they were two legged robins!" Probability certainly favored her conclusion.

THE DIAMOND TAGS.

The Literary World, in a notice of Miss Pardoe's new work, *Louis the Fourteenth and the Court of France in the 17th Century*, quotes the following account of the simple facts of the affair of the diamond tags, out of which Dumas has made so pleasant a story, in the "Three Guardsmen."

The Queen then wrote a letter to Buckingham, in which she besought him immediately to leave France. This done, she gave into the charge of her attendant not only the letter, but also a casket containing the aiguilette, with its diamond pendants, which had been presented to her by the king, and in which she appeared at the ball of Madame Chevreuse. The first she knew would inflict a pang—and the second was intended to heal the wound, by serving as a memorial of their friendship.

It may for a moment create surprise that the queen should venture to draw away from home a large portion of the British navy; and then eighty more ships of the line assembled in the Channel would have sufficed to assure the passage of the flotilla, and avenge the outraged rights of nations. Such was at bottom my plan, which only failed of success from the faults committed by my generals in the Spanish war." In the calculation to make up this 180 sail of the line there were several false numbers, and other ships were counted upon, besides those of Denmark, which he never got into his power. The French ships of the line were set down at sixty, the Spanish at forty, the Portuguese at ten, &c. France had not sixty ships of the line left; Spain had certainly not forty that were seaworthy; and both the Spanish and Portuguese fleets escaped his grasp, and rallied under the flag of England.

Bignon, another of Bonaparte's well-informed biographers, is equally clear as to his fixed intention of getting possession of the Danish fleet and of the fleets of all Europe.—*Pictorial History of England.*

possess herself of so recently acquired and so remarkable an ornament; but be it remembered that her resources were scanty, that she had already done honor to the present of the king by that appearing with it on her person in public, and that, while as a sovereign, she could not offer to the magnificent duke a remembrance without some intrinsic value, she was also enabled, by sacrificing the jewel in question, to gratify her softer feelings, by the conviction, that as this was a decoration worn indifferently by both sexes, Buckingham would be reminded of her whenever it formed a portion of his dress.

On the morrow, Anne of Austria took leave of the English envoy in presence of all the court, and his bearing was that of a finished gentleman and a respectful courtier. No eye could detect a glance, no ear gather up a sentence, which was not in accordance with the most scrupulous etiquette. Buckingham carried away with him a pledge of royal regard which almost consoled him for his departure. Meanwhile Madam de Lannoy, the zealous spy of the cardinal, had detected the disappearance of the diamond aiguillette from the queen's casket; and, with the ready perception of maize, she suggested to Richelieu that it had, in all probability, been sent to Buckingham, as a parting present. The cardinal lost not an instant in writing to one of the ladies of Charles' court who was in his interest—for, like the spider, he attached his web on every side—offering to present her with 50,000 livres if she could succeed in cutting away a couple of the tags of the shoulder-knot, the first time that Buckingham appeared in it, and forwarding them forthwith by a safe messenger to himself.

A fortnight afterwards, the two tags were in the possession of Richelieu. The duke had worn the aiguillette at a state ball, and the emissary of the cardinal had cut away a couple of its pendants unobserved. The vindictive minister gloated over his prize! Now, as he believed, his revenue was certain.

The first care of Richelieu was to carry the diamonds to the king, and to acquaint him with the method by which they had been procured. Louis examined them closely. There could be no doubt that they had indeed formed a portion of the ornament which had been his last present to his wife; his pale brow flushed with indignant rage, and before the cardinal left the royal closet, every precaution was taken to insure the speedy exposure of the queen.

On the following morning, Louis himself announced to Anne of Austria that a ball, given by the civil magistrates of Paris, at the town hall, would take place the day but one following; and he coupled this information with the request that, in order to compliment both himself and the magistrates, she would appear in the aiguillette which he had lately presented to her. She replied simply and calmly that he should be obeyed.

The eight-and-forty hours which were still to intervene before his vengeance could be accomplished, appeared so many centuries to the cardinal duke—Anne of Austria was now fairly in the toils and still her composure remained unruffled. How was this apparent tranquillity to be explained? Richelieu had already experienced that, aided by Buckingham and Madame de Chevreuse, she had possessed the power to baffle even his ingenuity: but she now stood alone, and even had she ventured upon so dangerous a step as that of replacing the jewels, he well knew that on the present occasion she possessed neither the time nor the means.

The hour of the festival at length struck; and as it had been arranged that the king should first make his entrance into the ball room, accompanied by his minister, and that the queen should follow, attended by her own court. Richelieu was enabled to calculate upon commencing his triumph from the very moment of her appearance on the threshold.

Precisely an hour before midnight, the queen was announced, and every eye at once turned eagerly towards her. She was magnificent alike in loveliness and apparel. She wore a Spanish costume, consisting of a dress of green satin embroidered with gold and silver, having hanging sleeves, which were looped back with large rubies, serving as buttons. Her ruff was open, and displayed her bosom, which was extremely beautiful and upon her head she had a small cap of green velvet, surmounted by a heron feather: while from her shoulder depended gracefully the aiguillette, with its twelve diamond tags.

As she entered the king approached her—avowedly to offer his compliments upon her appearance, but actually to count the tags. His arithmetic amounted to a dozen. The cardinal stood a pace behind him, quivering with rage. The twelve tags were hanging from the shoulder of the queen, and, nevertheless, he grasped two of them in his hand at the same moment. Aye, in his hand; for he had resolved not to lose an instant in triumphing over the proud and insolent beauty who had laughed his passion to scorn, and made him a mark for the ridicule of his associates. The vow that he uttered in his heart, as he gazed upon her calm and defying brow that night, probably cost Buckingham his life; for Richelieu was not duped by the belief that the shoulder-knot of the duke, from whence his own two tags had been severed, was not identical with that now floating over the arm of Anne of Austria.

The plot had, nevertheless, failed, and once more the cardinal was beaten upon his own ground.

It is, however, time that we should disclose the secret of this apparently mysterious incident to our readers.

On his return from the state ball, at which he had appeared with the aiguillette of Anne of Austria, Buckingham, who would confide to no one the care of his precious ornament, was about to restore it to his casket, when he perceived the subtraction which had taken place, and for a moment abandoned himself to a fit of anger, believing that he had been made the victim of a common theft—an instant's reflection, however, convinced him that such was not likely to be the case, as he had upon his person jewels of greater value, which it would have been equally easy to purloin, and these all remained intact. A light broke upon him—he suspected the agency of his old enemy and rival, the cardinal duke; and his immediate measure was to place an embargo upon the English ports, and to prohibit all masters of vessels from putting to sea, under pain of death. During the operation of this edict, which created universal astonishment throughout the country, the jeweller of Buckingham was employed day and night in completing the number of the diamond tags; and it was still in full force when a light fishing-smack, which had been exempted from the general disability, was scudding across the channel on its way to Calais, under the command of one of the duke's confidential servants, and having on board, for all its freight, the aiguillette of Anne of Austria.

In the course of the ensuing day, the ports were opened, and the thousand and one rumors which had been propagated by the people died gradually away, as no explanation of the incomprehensible and rigorous measure ever transpired; whose result was the receipt of her shoulder-knot by the queen the very day before the ball of the magistrates.

Thus the apparent tranquillity of Anne of Austria, which had been for the first few hours the apathetic calmness of despair, ultimately grew out of the certainty of security; and the ready wit and chivalric devotion of Buckingham, which had so frequently threatened her destruction, for once supplied her wings.

"THE GREATEST PLAGUE OF LIFE."

This, in a peculiar style of literature, is, unquestionably the cleverest production of the day, and the present number the best of the series, so far. The knowledge evinced of female nature is so profound and keen, that we suspect the author has been a votary to Hymen, and rather an experienced victim.

We make a few extracts, which will be found below, and will we are sure, induce all appreciations of wit and humour, of the most delicate kind, to become possessors of one of the happiest "hits" of the day.

A MISTAKE.

I declare it wasn't prudent to trust that Emma to do a thing, and even that little lamb of a Kitty of mine was scarcely safe with a stupid like her in the house. For I recollect once, I had been thinking the simpleton had a great deal of spare time on her hands, and might just as well do a little needlework as sit twiddling her finger and thumb of an evening, so I told her that my little poppet of a Kitty was growing so fast that all her things were getting too short for her and she really wanted a tuck out in her best frock, and would certainly look all the better for it, so I would thank her to attend to it that night, and let it be done before she went to bed. In the evening, I was in the parlour, boiling down some quince pips to make a nice fixture for my hair, and all the while I could hear that sweet little cherub of mine down stairs crying; so I said to myself, what the dickens can that idiot be doing with the child in the kitchen at this time of night, when it ought to have been undressed and in the bed an hour ago! Off I trotted to see what precious bit of stupidity my lady was at now. When I reached the kitchen I thought I should have fainted, for there sat that Emma, with my little angel on her knee, dressed out in its best frock, and with its dear little innocent face daubed all over with treacle, just as if it had been tarred. "What on earth have you been doing with the child, Emma?" I exclaimed, "I thought as you said it was to have a tuck out in its best frock, ma'am," she replied, "it could have nothing nicer than plenty of bread and treacle." And then to my horror I learnt from her, that when I told her I fancied the child would look all the better for having a *tuck out* in its best frock, bless and save us, if the stupid oaf didn't imagine that I wished it to have a *grand feast* in its Sunday clothes.

THE RATIONALE OF NEEDLE WORK.

Well then, the fact is, I never was fond of needle-work at the best of times, and really and truly, I never could see the fun of passing the heyday of one's youth darning stockings, and cobbling up a pack of old clothes as full of holes as a cinder-shovel. So I longed to have an instrument just to amuse myself with for an hour or two during the day, or play over an air or two to Edward of an evening. And it wasn't as if I hadn't got any musick-book; besides I really and truly was sick and tired of doing kettle-holders and working a pack of filthy copper kettles in Berlin wool with a stupid "Mind it boils" underneath them, or else working a lot of braces and slippers for Edward, which, in his nasty vulgar way, he said were too fine by half for use, or else sitting for hours with your toe cocked up in the air netting purses and spending a mint of money in steel beads for a pack of people that you didn't care twopence about, and who never gave you so much as a trumpery ring or brooch in return (I hate such meanness.)

"DEAR EDWARD" BUYING A PIANO.

Besides, I conclude the business by giving him to understand, that it wasn't so much for myself that I wanted the piano, after all, but of course my darling little tootle-toodee-loo of Kate, in two or three years at least must have an instrument to begin practising upon, and if he didn't get one before that, I was sure I shouldn't be able to tell the difference between A flat and a bull's foot, and he would have to go to I know not what expense in masters for her, and then he would be ready to cut his ears off for not having got me a piano when I begged of him. I am happy to say that Edward for once was not deaf to reason, but seeing that I wanted the piano more out of love for little Kate than from any selfish motive on my part, he very properly consented to look out for one for me, although my gentleman couldn't let well alone, but must go cutting his stupid jokes, saying that he was very much afraid that piano was only "one for the pot" over again; but I very quickly silenced my lord by merely exclaiming, in my most sarcastic way "Fiddle."

REMOVING THE PIANO.

Well no sooner had I seen my husband fairly out of the house, than I rang the bell for Mr. Dick Farden, and when he came into the parlour, I asked him if he thought he could manage to move that piano of mine into the drawing room. So, after measuring the width of it, and then going and looking at our first landing, he said, "he was afraid there would be no getting the thing up the stairs anyhow, for there was no room to turn the corner with it;" and, on going up and looking for myself, sure enough the man was right; though as I told him, what on earth could make people go building houses in that stupid way, was beyond a person of my limited understanding to comprehend. * * * When he came back, he and his friend, whom he called to him, carried my cottage out into the garden; and when they had tied the clothes line all round it, Jim went up stairs to the second floor window, and threw out a string for us to tie the end of the rope to. As soon as he got hold of it, Mr. Farden tied what he called the "guider" to one of the legs of my Broadwood, so as to prevent its knocking against the house as it went up. When they were all ready, Farden called out to Jim, "Now, pull steady, lad!" and up went my beautiful cottage in the air, as nicely as ever I saw anything done in all my life. Just as they had got it well over the area railings, and nearly on a level with our back parlour window, that bothering Jim, who was as strong as a bull, began pulling too hard, and I saw that it was more than Farden could manage to keep the piano away from the house, and that in another minute I should be having it going bang in at our parlor window, and perhaps lodging right on the sideboard, where I had put all the jellies and custards not ten minutes before. So I gave a slight scream and ran up to him as fast as my legs could carry me, and seizing hold of the guider told him for goodness gracious sake, to pull the piano over towards the garden wall. But I declare the words were no sooner out of my mouth, than away he must tear, pulling away as hard as ever he could, just for all the world as if my beautiful instrument were made of cast iron, and he had no sooner got it opposite my beautiful staircase window, than all of a sudden off flew the leg of my Broadwood to which the guide rope was attached, and down he tumbled, and I with him; and ah, for a mercy! I heard something go bang, smash, crash, and on looking up, oh dear! there was my lovely cottage gone.

right through my beautiful imitation-stained glass window, and dashing backwards and forwards, for all the world like one of those great big swings at a fair, and knocking against the window, as Jim kept pulling it up, until there wasn't scarcely a bit of the frame of glass left standing. *

Edward, on his return home, I regret to say, forgot himself as a gentleman and my husband. At one time I thought he had gone clean out of his wits, for he had the impudence to say, that I seemed to take a delight in throwing twenty pounds in the dirt, and that it was all my fault, and none of it Dick Farden's and that he would take good care that if ever I wanted any more music, I might whistle for it; and that as for any more pianos, that the next I had, should come out of my own pocket. As I saw that he wouldn't be happy until we had had a good quarrel, I thought it best to go off into hysterics, and laughed and sobbed in such a dreadful way that I soon brought him to his senses, and made him begin kissing me, and calling me his dear, foolish, thoughtless Caroline, and telling me to calm myself for heaven's sake, or I should be laying myself up. But then it came to my turn, for I wasn't going to let him abuse me like a pick pocket one minute, and make friends with him the next, and I do think that I never should have opened my lips civilly to him again, if he hadn't brought me home a beautiful Gros de Naples, and so showed that he felt he was in the wrong, and was sorry for what he had done.

THE ARTS AS CONNECTED WITH THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION.

BY JOHN CARROLL BRENT.

No. 5.

Let us suppose, by way of illustration, that the gallery of the Smithsonian Institute has made a beginning. The walls have been ornamented with a judicious selection of ancient and modern paintings and sculpture. The regents have evinced great taste in the choice of materials, and none but the works of the Masters, or good contemporaneous artists have been honored with a place in the collection. Not only shall the men and events of the great East have been illustrated in the gallery, but the present and future of this growing Republic shall find minds and hands capable of giving them immortality upon canvas and upon marble. The American shall feel proud, when passing through this grand national repository to see pictured by the brush and chisel of the gifted sons of genius, the glorious deeds of his forefathers and the brilliant achievements of his countrymen on the revolutionary soil of Mexico. The chivalric and daring battles fought and victories won under the guidance of a Washington, a Greene, a McDonough, Decator and Perry, a Jackson, a Taylor and a Worth will be depicted in glowing colors and imitative fidelity before his eyes, and the lineaments of the warriors, statesmen, and patriots who have devoted themselves to their country's service will be perpetuated by the inspired painter and ambitious sculptor. Let us imagine that all this has been done, and that not only a continuous historical picture of our existence as a nation has been partially brought into being, but that our aspiring and gifted artists have been invited to perpetuate the beautiful and picturesque features of our native land, and a series of correct and striking views of the sports celebrated in history or legend shall have sprung into existence under the fostering patronage of the Smithsonian regents.

If all this comes to pass, and what is now a fancy sketch be made an honorable reality, then will other nations do us homage for our taste and liberality, and the people be made more patriotic, more national by the contemplation of such glorious monuments to American talent, courage, and virtue, and each generation be excited into an active emulation of the one that has just faded into the regions of the past.

Painting and sculpture being thus provided for in the gallery, let us proceed in the appeal in behalf of that important branch of human knowledge, Architecture. Well, and emphatically has it been observed, "that it is the most popular of the arts; we mean that it influences, gratifies more than any other, the mass of men. Fine buildings are the household furniture of a city, and as influential upon the disposition of the inhabitants, as domestic furniture upon the manners and character of the family circle."

Agreeing as I do with this elegant tribute to the genius of architecture, it is a source of pleasure to feel that I am speaking on no abstract subject, but of one that interests directly and intimately every member of the community. It is not my main object in these essays to urge public attention to the higher regions of this useful and beautiful art. I do not expect that it will be our lot for many generations to rival the glorious temples and costly palaces of Greece and Italy; our progress towards that high region of art must be, as in the other branches of the Fine Arts, gradual and laborious. Excellence is the reward of toil, genius and perseverance, and as a nation we must expect to pass through a sharp and long ordeal, before we shall have the happiness to attain it.

It is because "it influences and gratifies more than any other the mass of men," that I ask for it a fitting place in the Smithsonian Gallery. Young as we are, and living more in the future than the past or present, it is peculiarly calculated to excite our curiosity and secure our notice. The study of the art with a view to its practical application in our churches, public buildings, private residences, &c., should recommend itself most emphatically to general encouragement. If the architect can erect more stately and appropriate edifices to the worship of the living God; if he shall be able to prepare more elegant and commodious buildings for the transaction of public business, and the decoration of our cities; if he shall render his knowledge still more practically useful by adding to our comfort, and improving our tastes in the construction of our private dwellings, he will have contributed in the most eminent degree to the public and private advantage of the people, and entitled himself to all the profit and honor due to a benefactor of his kind.

I know that the residuum applicable to the arts out of the Smithsonian Fund will be small. But I repeat little as it may be, much good can be done in that direction. The collection will grow slowly but surely, a large portion of the

objects may be exhibited to the public with little or no expense to the Institute. Artists will be pleased to find an appropriate and safe place for the exposition of their works, and the people cannot frequent the gallery without taking some pleasure in the visit, and receiving more or less deeply and quickly, impressions beneficial to their tastes and improving to their minds.

Fortunately the arts go hand in hand. Encouragement cannot be extended to the one, without aiding materially the other. Science cannot flourish without giving and receiving an impulse to and from them. Literature owes much of its charm and triumph to the valuable and indispensable assistance of Painting, sculpture, architecture, and engraving. In a word, so bound together are all the branches of human knowledge, that motion in one propagates it to the rest, and the onward progress of the one sooner or later produces a similar result with the others. The spark, the vivifying warmth, of public patronage flashes along the delicate wires that connect the sons and priests of knowledge together, and each and all enjoy the sensation and feel the cheering effects of the influence. Therefore should all the propagators of knowledge among men be of one mind and one heart in the honorable ministry they have assumed. Therefore should their co-operation be cordial, their competition generous and friendly. There is room enough in the world for all. Merit must be rewarded in some way by those who profit from its effects. Time and perseverance to the end will in due season bring good fruit, and mankind, grateful for the sciences rendered by their intellectual teachers and benefactors, be eager to put their gratitude into practice.

The architect works on materials that transmit in a most enduring shape his merit to posterity. Whether his genius expands upon a St. Peters, or contracts to the erection of some unpretending private dwelling, his skill will ever secure him the good opinion of those in whose service he has labored. His art can soar to the highest regions, or descend, without losing the vigor of its wings, to the humbler walks of life, and minister to the every day wants of man. In the pertinent words of a writer on the subject:—" Furniture, dress, equipage, &c., may change, but works of architecture endure. An art so variously conducive to the happiness of man, to the wealth, lustre and safety of nations, naturally commands protection and encouragement: in effect it appears that in all civilized times and well regulated governments, it has been much attended to and promoted with unremitting assiduity, and the perfection of others has ever been a certain consequence; for where building is encouraged, painting, sculpture, and all the superior branches of decorative workmanship must flourish of course, and these have an influence on manufactures: for design is of universal benefit, and stamps additional value on the most trifling performances."

Truly do the fine arts exercise an influence, "even on the minutest mechanic productions." The bricklayer with his trowel, the carpenter with his plane, the blacksmith with his hammer, and the shipbuilder with his tools, are one and all interested in the matter. It is no abstract speculative question for the mechanic and the laborer. They come in for their share of the honor and emoluments; the money put in circulation by those intellectual artists finds its way into the pockets of the hard-working portion of the community. Like the motions of the blood through the human system, the encouragement of art pervades the whole body politic, and sends life, warmth and vigor to the most remote extremities. Therefore do I say that the Fine Arts are useful and practical. Therefore do I urge the attention of the Board of Regents to their claims, and consider their patronage as peculiarly calculated to "diffuse knowledge among men."

No. 6.

I cannot too often repeat that the principal if not the only object I have proposed to myself in the various essays which have appeared in your columns, is the practical utility of the subjects recommended to the attention and adoption of the people.

Architecture, I endeavoured to show in my last Essay, is among the first of these useful agents in the progressive march of humanity. It ministers, directly or indirectly, to so many wants, excites and employs so much mental and physical skill and labor, gratifies so many refined tastes and luxuries, that it forces itself as a matter of course on our notice, and exacts respect and admiration from the recipients of its manifold comforts and blessings.

Its province is not only to raise stately churches, beautiful and luxurious palaces, comfortable and handsome dwellings; it does not confine itself to the beautifying of our cities with fountains and columns, and studding the land with the more graceful productions of its invention. Architecture constitutes also in a more extensive and practical manner to the improvement, and ministers more directly to the urgent wants and necessities of man. By its aid roads are constructed in places deemed impracticable, and remote countries united by bonds of communication which render men more civilized and social. Bridges, strong, convenient, and beautiful, span over vast rivers, tower over deep ravines, and astonish the spectator by the boldness of their conception and execution. The Architect converts the mountain torrents into an useful agent to human labor, and compels the raging element to turn a mill or set complicated machinery into motion. To him railroads and canals owe mainly their discovery and construction, and his Art is ever on the stretch to extend their benefits and improve their operations. The stately and well-loaded ship that acts as the carrier of the world has passed through his plastic hands, and darts forth upon the waters a monument of his skill and labor. The colossal steamer that speeds by as if with wings, has tried the genius of Architecture, and is now a glorious witness in his behalf. The noble and strongly-built man-of-war, with its graceful canvass, its lofty masts, its complicated rigging, its frowning batteries, all covered by the "stars and stripes," is a proud and splendid triumph of naval architecture. The walled city, with its

massive battlements and strong fortifications, speaks volumes for the Art; and, even in these modern times, when the invention of gunpowder and the progress of military science have rendered fortified towns less formidable and impregnable, still the skill and genius of the engineer are exhausted on their defences and protection, and the world confesses the value and importance of his workmanship. In a word, turn our eyes where we will, examine any branch of human knowledge, we shall ever find that Architecture contributes its share to the general good, and its cultivation is essential to the best interests of our race.

In the language of a learned writer on the subject, "Thus Architecture, by supplying men with commodious habitations, procures that health of body and vigor of mind which facilitates the invention of Arts; and, when, by the exertion of their skill and industry, productions multiply beyond domestic wants, she furnishes the means of transporting them to other markets; and whenever, by commerce, they acquire wealth, she points the way to employ their riches rationally, nobly, benevolently, in methods honorable and useful to themselves and their descendants."

Such being the blessings flowing from this fountain, does it not become us all to keep the source pure and accessible, and to open the living waters for the use and benefit of our fellow men? Does not every plan and suggestion tending to invite public attention to an useful Art, and to render it more generally known and encouraged, recommend itself to the attention and reflection of every intelligent man in the community?

The appropriate moment for such suggestions is the present. The Board of Regents meet again next month; a Committee was appointed to examine and report upon the site and plan for the buildings, and the Architects of the country have been called upon to propose their ideas on the subject. Thus a good opportunity is presented to American Architectural talent, and I trust an appropriate plan will be adopted and carried into effect by the Regents.

The construction of the buildings, it will be admitted, is of the greatest importance to the success of the Institution. The Architect will have to study well the objects of the Bequest and the provisions of the Bill, so that the lectures may be efficient, the library well accommodated, and the gallery of Art properly constructed. He will have to consult economy and appearance, comfort and elegance. All these requisites, will, I feel assured, be well examined and digested by the Board, and an edifice be erected in due time which shall be admirably adapted to the objects in view and reflect credit upon the Regents, the Architect, and the country.

Supposing, then, that the most suitable plan for the building has been adopted and put into execution, the next step is to establish, in connexion with the other creations of the Bill, "A Gallery of Art."

I have already suggested the collection and exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture, and the establishment of a Drawing School connected with the Institution. I would now recommend a similar exhibition of everything coming within the range of Architecture—models of bridges, railroads, masonry, and other constructions for canals and rivers; of churches, public edifices, private dwellings, fountains, and other useful and ornamental matters; of naval Architecture, such as men-of-war, steamers, merchant vessels, yachts, and other fast sailing craft; plans of fortifications and cities collected at home and abroad, and so constructed as to be intelligible to the people. Let all these things, for many of which no patents are or can be taken out, be deposited and properly arranged and preserved in the Gallery of Art, in company with Paintings, Statuary, natural and artificial productions and curiosities, with the discoveries and applications of mechanical skill and ingenuity, and I venture to predict that the Institute will be an object of attraction and instruction, contributing, in an eminent degree, to the philanthropic plan of the generous Smithson for "the diffusion of knowledge among men."

The same invitations, conditions, and rewards should be extended to Architects as I suggested in the case of Painters and Sculptors, and the articles sent to the gallery, be kept to the orders of the owners, and exhibited to their benefit and use.

The Regents, of course, will be expected to use due discretion and taste in the reception and exhibition of these temporary depositories, so that the gallery shall not be too much crowded, and the collection become commonplace and uninteresting.

Thus, then, shall the Artist, whether Painter, Sculptor, or Architect, find a place in the Institute, and be made a contributor, each in his sphere, to the improvement, instruction, and refinement of his fellow-men, and to the honor and glory of our beloved country.

STORY OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

BY THE REV. G. R. GLEIG.

Quatre Bras.—Meanwhile, the column of cavalry, from which this regiment of Lancers had been detached, held its course right down to the Charleroi road; it hung upon the rear of the Brunswick Hussars, among whom, in his endeavour to rally them, the Duke of Wellington got involved, and penetrated to the very edge of a ditch, within which the 92d Highlanders were lying. The Duke had nothing for it but to put his horse to its speed, and calling to the 92d to lie down, leaped fairly over them and across the ditch which constituted their post of resistance. He had his sword drawn in his hand, and turned round as soon as the Highlanders were between him and his pursuers with a smile upon his countenance. The confidence which inspired it was not misplaced; such a volume of fire rose instantly from the roadside, that a hundred saddles were emptied, and the residue of the cavalry shrank back—reforming, however, in a moment, and retiring in good order. But all were not so prudent as to adopt this course. The leading squadrons galloped on till they got entangled among the farmsteads of the village; and though they cut down some stragglers there, they paid dearly for their rashness. Most of them rushed into a farmyard, which had no outlet except that by which they had en-

tered; to a man they were destroyed by the fire of the Highlanders, and the scattered individuals who endeavoured to cut their way back died, one by one, under the same leaden tempest. An officer named Burgoine dashed at the Duke himself; his horse was shot, and a musket-ball passed through both of his ankles. And such are the casualties of war, that he lay for weeks in the same house where Lieutenant Winchester of the 92d also lay wounded; and thus the two brave men became personal friends, Mr. Winchester subsequently being the guest of N. Burgoine's family in Paris.

Waterloo.—Rapidly, though at a fearful cost of life, the column passed the line of fire along which the English guns told, and then they became silent. In like manner there was a complete cessation on the side of the enemy, the sharp, quick, and ceaseless tiraille of the skirmishers keeping up the game of death. To be sure Hougoumont and the woods and enclosures about it sent forth volumes of musketry, while at more remote parts of the line, and especially in the direction of Planchenoit, the cannonade continued in its fury. But just where the Imperial Guard were moving there was silence, except when the shouts of the advancing veterans broke it. Just at this moment the Duke rode up, and planted himself beside a battery of guns which stood on the brow of the bridge, a little to the right of the ground on which Maitland's brigade were lying. He spoke to Lieutenant Sharpe, and learned from him that Captain Bolton having just been killed, the guns were commanded by the second captain, Napier. "Tell him," said his Grace, "to keep a look out on his right, for the French will soon be with him," and they were so, for scarcely had the message been conveyed to Captain Napier when the bear skin caps of the enemy began to show themselves over the summit. A cloud of tirailleurs instantly opened upon the guns a storm of shot. It was answered by a salvo of grape and canister, which cleared the whole front of the battery in an instant, and forthwith the same iron hail came pouring into the head of the column, which was already within fifty yards of their muzzles. It stands upon record that these veterans were absolutely astounded when they saw before them nothing more than six field pieces, with their gunners attached, and a few mounted officers in the rear. They did not know that the Duke himself was one of them, neither were they prepared for the apparition which seemed the next moment to rise from the earth to confront them. For then, whether by the talismanic words which have become a portion of history, or by some other signal, is a matter of no moment, the Duke and none other gave the signal to Maitland, which the latter understood and promptly obeyed. In a line four deep, the brigade of Guards started from the ground. They gazed only so long upon their enemies as to direct their aim, and forthwith threw in a volley, of which, when the smoke had cleared away, the effect was seen—the column was literally torn to pieces. Some hundreds of dead covered the plateau.

LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS.

1. *Histoire de Saint Francis d'Assise*, (1182—1226), Par Emile Chavín de Malan. Paris : 1845. 2. *St. Francisc d'Assise*. Par E. J. Delectuse. Paris : 1844.

It was a noble design which died with Robert Southey. His History of the Monastic Orders would not perhaps have poured a large tribute of philosophy, divine or human, into the ocean of knowledge; but how graceful would have been the flow of that transparent narrative, and how would it have reflected and enhanced the beauty of every rich champaign and of every towering promontory along which it would have swept! Peremptory and dogmatical as he was, he addressed himself to the task of instructing his own and future generations, with a just sense of the dignity and of responsibilities of that high office. He was too brave a man, and too sound a Protestant, to shrink from any aspect of truth; nor would he ever have supposed that he could promote a legitimate object of ecclesiastical history by impairing the well-earned fame of any of the worthies of the church, because they had been entangled in the sophistries or the superstitions of the ages in which they flourished.

M. Chavín de Malan has adopted the project of our fellow-countryman, and is publishing his Monastic History in a series of fragments, among which is this volume on the founder and the progress of the Franciscan Order. Though among the most passionate and uncompromising devotees of the Church of Rome, M. Chavín de Malan also is in one sense a Protestant. He protests against any exercise of human reason in examining any dogma which that church inculcates, or any fact which she alleges. The most merciless of her cruelties affect him with no indignation, the silliest of her prodigies with no shame, the basest of her superstitions with no contempt. Her veriest dotage is venerable in his eyes. Even the atrocities of Innocent the Third seem to this all-extolling eulogist but to augment the triumph and the glories of his reign. If the soul of the confessor of Simon de Montfort, retaining all the passions and all the prejudices of that era, should transmigrate into a doctor of the Sorbonne, conversant with the arts and literature of our own times, the result might be the production of such an ecclesiastical history as that of which we have here a specimen—elaborate in research, glowing in style, vivid in portraiture, utterly reckless and indiscriminate in belief, extravagant, up to the very verge of idolatry, in applause, and familiar far beyond the verge of indecorum, with the most awful topics and objects of the Christian faith.

The episodes of which M. Chavín de Malan disposes in this book, is among the most curious and important in the annals of the church, and the materials for the Life of Francis of Assisi are more than usually copious and authentic. First in order are his own extant writings, consisting chiefly of letters, colloquies, poems, and predictions. His earliest biographer, Thomas of Celano, was his follower and his personal friend. Three of the intimates of the saint (one of them his confessor) compiled a joint narrative of his miracles and his labors. Bonaventura, himself a general of the Franciscan order, wrote a celebrated life of the founder, whom in his infancy he had seen. And lastly, there is a chronicle called *Fioretti di San Francisco*, which, though not written till half a century after his death, has always been held in much esteem by the biographers. Within the last thirty years a new edition of it has been published at Verona. On these five authorities all the more recent narratives are founded. Yet the works of Thomas de Celano and of the "Tres Socii," with the writings of Francis himself, are the only sources of contemporary intelligence strictly so called; although Bonaventura and the chronicler of the Fioretti had large opportunities of ascertaining the reality of the facts they have related. How far they availed themselves of that advantage, may be partly inferred from the following brief epitome of those occurrences.

The city of Assisi, in Umbria, was a mart of some importance in the latter half of the 12th century. At that period it could boast no merchant more adventurous or successful than Pietro Bernadone di Mericoni. Happy in a thriving trade, and happier still in an affectionate wife, he was above all happy in the prospect of the future eminence of his son Francisco. The foremost in everyfeat of arms, and the gayest in every festival, the youth was at the same time assiduous in the counting house; and though his expenditure was profuse,

it still flowed in such channels as to attest the princely munificence of his spirit. The brightest eyes in Assisi, dazzled by so many graces, and the most reverend brows there, acknowledging such early wisdom, were alike bent with complacency towards him; and all conspired to sustain his father's belief, that, in his person, the name of Bernadone would rival the proudest of those whom neither transalpine conquerors, nor the majesty of the tiara, disdained to propitiate in the guilds of Venice or of Pisa.

Uniform, alas! is the dirge of all the generations of mankind, over hopes blossoming but to die. In a combat with the citizens of Perugia, Francis was taken prisoner; and after a captivity of twelve months, was released only to encounter a disease, which, at the dawn of mankind, brought him within view of the gates of death. Long, earnest, and inquisitive was his gaze into the inscrutable abyss on which they opened: and when at length he returned to the duties of life, it was in the aw-stricken spirit of one to whom those dread realities had been unveiled. The world one complicated imposture, all sensible delights so many polluting vanities, human praise and censure but the tinkling of the cymbals—what remained but to spurn these empty shadows, that so he might grasp the one imperishable object of man's sublunar existence? His alarms became lavish. His days and nights were consumed in devout exercises. Prostrate in the crowded church, or in the recesses of the forest, his agitated frame attested the conflict of his mind. He exchanged dresses with a tattered mendicant, and pressed to his bosom a wretch rendered loathsome by leprosy. But as he gradually gathered strength from these self-conquests, or as returning health restored the tone and vigor of his nerves, his thoughts, reverting to the lower world, wandered in search of victories of another order.

Walter of Brienne was in arms in the Neapolitan states against the emperor; the weak opposed to the powerful; the Italian to the German; the Guelph to the Ghibeline; and Francis laid him down to sleep, resolved that, with the return of day, he would join the "Gentle Count," as he was usually called, in resisting the oppressor to the death. In his slumbers a vast armory seemed to open to his view; and a voice commanded him to select, from the burnished weapons with which it was hung, such as he could most effectually wield against the impious enemy of the church. The dreamer awoke; and in prompt submission to the celestial mandate, laid aside the serge gown and modest bonnet of his craft, and exhibited himself to his admiring fellow citizens armed cap-a-pie, and urging on his war-horse towards the encampment of his destined leader. At Spoleto fatigue arrested his course. Again he slept, and again the voice was heard. It announced to him that the martial implements of his former vision were not, as he had supposed, such as are borne beneath a knightly banner against a carnal adversary, but arms of spiritual temper, to be directed, in his native city, against the invisible powers of darkness. He listened and obeyed; and Assisi re-opened her gates to her returning warrior, resolute to break a lance with a more fearful foe than was ever sent by the emperor into the field.

To superficial judges it probably appeared as if that dread antagonist had won an easy triumph over his assailant. For Francis was seen once more, the graceful leader of the civic revels, bearing in his hand the sceptre of the king of France, and followed by a joyous band, who made the old streets echo with their songs. As that strain arose, however, a dark shadow gathered over the countenance of the leader, and amid the general chorus his voice was unheard. "Why so grave, Francis? art thou going to be married?" exclaimed one of the carolers. "I am," answered Francis, "and to a lady of such rank, wealth, and beauty, that the world cannot produce her like." He burst from the jocund throng in search of her, and was ere long in her embrace. He vowed to take her "for his wedded wife, for better for worse, to love and to cherish till death should them part." The lady was Poverty. The greatest poet of Italy and the greatest orator of France have celebrated their nuptial. But neither Dante nor Bossuet was the inventor of the parable. It was ever on the lips of Francis himself, that Poverty was his bride, that he was her devoted husband, and the whole Franciscan order their offspring.

His fidelity to his betrothed lady was inviolate, but not unassailed by temptation. Pleasure, wealth, ambition, were the sirens who, with witching looks and songs, attempted to divert him from his Penelope; and when he could no longer combat, he at least could fly the fascination. Wandering in the Umbrian hills he wept and fasted, and communed with the works of God; till, raised to communion with their Maker, he knelt in a rustic church which the piety of ancient times had consecrated there to the memory of St. Damiano.

The voice which directed his path in life was heard again. "seest thou not," it cried, "that my temple is falling into ruins? Restore it." Again the spirit of interpretation failed him. Instead of addressing himself to renovate the spiritual, he undertook the repairs of the material fabric—an arduous task for the future spouse of Poverty! But obedience was indispensable. Rising from his knees, he hastened to his father's warehouses, laded a stout palfrey with silks and embroideries, sold both horse and goods at the neighboring town of Foligno and laid down the money at the feet of the officiating priest of St. Damiano. The more cautious churchman rejected the gold. Francis indignantly cast it into the mire; and vowed that the building so solemnly committed to his care should become his dwelling-place and his home, till the divine behest had been fulfilled.

During all this time hallucinations of his own, though of a far different kind had haunted the brain of the respectable Pietro Bernadone. Grouping into forms ever new and brilliant, like spangles shaken in a kaleidoscope, the ideas of bales and bills of lading, of sea risks and of supercargoes, had combined with those of loans to reckless crusaders and of the supply of hostile camps, to form one gorgeous Eldorado, when intelligence of the loss of his draperies, his pack-horse, and his son, restored him to the waking world and to himself. The goods and the quadruped were gone irrevocably. But as the exasperated father paced the streets of Assisi, a figure emaciated with fasts and vigils, squalid with dirt, and assailed by the filthy missiles of a boozing rabble, approached him, and as it moved onwards with a measured tread, an uplifted eye, and a serene aspect, it revealed to the old merchant, in this very sorry spectacle of dignified suffering, the long-cherished object of his ambitious hopes. What biography ever can tell the sequel without a blush! Francis was hurried away from his persecutors and his admirers, in the grasp of the elder Bernadone, and, from his vigorous arm, received that kind of chastisement under which heroism itself ceases to be sublime. The incensed judge then passed a chain round the body of the youth, and left him in a kind of domestic prison, there to satiate his love for penances, until his own return from a journey to which the inexorable demands of his commerce had summoned him.

Wiser far and more gentle was the custody to which Francis was transferred, and a voice was heard in his penitentiary full of a more genuine inspiration than any of those by which his step-sister had been hitherto guided. It was the voice of his mother, soothing her half-distracted child in accents as calm and as holy

as those which first broke the silence of Eden. It spoke to him of maternal love, of reconciliation, and of peace: But it addressed him in vain. He was bound to leave father and mother, and to cleave to his betrothed wife, and to the duties of that indissoluble alliance. Convicted at length of the vanity, perhaps trembling at the impiety, of any further resistance, his mother threw open his prison doors, and permitted him to escape to his sanctuary at St. Damiano.

In those hallowed precincts Francis found courage to oppose, and constancy to disarm, the rage with which he was pursued by his father. Gradually, but surely, the mind of the old man embraced the discovery, that, though dwelling on the same planet, he and his son were inhabitants of different worlds. From that conviction he advanced with incomparable steadiness to the practical results involved in it. Why, he inquired, should a churchman, to whom all earthly interests were as the fine dust in the balance, retain the price of the pack-horse and of his pack? The priest of St. Damiano immediately restored the scattered gold, which he had providently gathered up. Why should a youth who despised all treasures, but those laid up in heaven, retain his prospective right to a sublunar inheritance? A renunciation of it was at once drawn up, signed, and placed in his hands. Why should a candidate for cowl and scapular retain the goodly apparel in which he had reached his place of refuge? In a few moments the young probationer stood before him in his shirt. Carefully packing up the clothes, the parchment, and the gold, the merchant returned to accumulate more gold at Assisi. And here history takes her leave of him; without regret and without applause, but not without a sullen acknowledgment, that, after all, it was from the mortal Pietro that the immortal Francis derived one inheritance which he could not renounce—the inheritance of that inflexible decision of purpose which elevated the father to distinction among the worshippers of Mammon, and the son to eminence among the saints of Christendom.

It was indeed, "an obstinate hill to climb." An orphan with living parents, a beggar entitled to a splendid patrimony, he traversed the mountains with the freedom of soul known only to those for whom the smiles of fortune have no charm, and her frowns no terror. Chanting divine canticles as he went, his voice attracted the banditti who lurked in those fastnesses. They tossed the worthless prize contemptuously into a snow drift. Half frozen, he crawled to a neighboring monastery, and was employed by the monks as a scullion. He returned to the scene of his former revels, and obtained the cloak, the leather girdle, and the staff of a pilgrim as an alms from one who, in those brilliant days, had confessed his superiority in every graceful art, and in everyfeat of chivalry. With the dress he assumed the spirit of a pilgrim, and devoted himself to the relief of the sorrows of those who, like himself, though for a very different reason, were estranged from a cold and a fastidious world.

In all the countries embracing the Mediterranean, the crusaders had at this period introduced the leprosy of the East. A ritual was compiled for the purpose of celebrating with impressive solemnity the removal of the victims of that fearful malady from all intercourse with their fellow Christians. It was a pathetic and melancholy service, in which the sternest interdict was softened by words of consolation and of pity. Nor were they words of empty ceremonial. A sentiment of reverence towards those miserable sufferers was widely diffused throughout the whole of Europe. The obscurity which hung over the origin, the nature, and the cure of the disease, and the mysterious connection in which it stood to the warfare for the Holy Sepulchre, moved that wonder-loving age to invest it with a kind of sacred character. The churchmen of the times availed themselves skilfully and kindly of this popular feeling. They taught that Christ himself had regarded the leper with peculiar tenderness; and not content to enforce this lesson from those parts of the evangelic narrative which really confirm it, they advanced by the aid of the Vulgate further still, and quoted from the 52d chapter of Isaiah, a prophecy in which, as they maintained, the Messiah himself was foretold under the image of a leper. "Nos putavimus eum quasi *Leprosum*, percussum a Deo, et humiliatum." Kings and princes visited, countesses ministered to them, saints (as it was believed) wrought miracles for their cure, and almost every considerable city erected hospitals for their detention and relief.

Some time before his betrothal to Poverty, Francis, crossing on horseback the plain which surrounds Assisi, unexpectedly drew near to a leper. Controlling his involuntary disgust, the rider dismounted, and advanced to greet and to succor him, but the leper instantaneously disappeared. St. Bonaventura in sponsor for the sequel of the tale. He who assumed this deplorable semblance was in reality no other than the awful being whom the typical language of Isaiah had adumbrated. Little wonder, then, after his vows had been plighted to his austere bride, Francis had faith to see, and charity to love, even in the leperous, the imperishable traces of the divine image in which man was created, and the brethren of the divine sufferer by whom man was redeemed.

Yet, despite this triumph of the spiritual discernment over the carnal sense, neither faith nor charity could subdue his natural terror in the prospect of a continued and familiar intercourse with such associates. Some distinct disclosure of the divine will was still requisite to such a self immolation; and such disclosures were never long denied to him. The now familiar voice was heard anew. "Hate what thou hast hitherto hated," it cried; "Love what thou hast hitherto hated." He listened, and became an inmate of the Leprosy Hospital at Assisi. With his own hands he washed the feet and dressed the sores of the lepers; and once at least reverently applied his lips to such a wound. The man (so says St. Bonaventura) instantly became whole. "Whether shall we most admire," he exclaims, "the miraculous power, or the courageous humility of that kiss?" A question to be asked of those who believe in both. But even they who reject the miracle, will reverse the loving-kindness of such a sojourn among such unhappy outcasts.

In later days Francis became the father and the apostle of the leperous; and when weightier cares withdrew him in person from that charge, his heart still turned towards them with a father's yearnings. Among his numerous followers, were some who, though destitute of the higher gifts of intellect, were largely endowed with the heroism of self-denying love. James, surnamed the Simple, was amongst the most conspicuous of them, and in those abodes of woe he earned the glorious title of steward and physician of the leperous. It happened that, in his simplicity, James brought one of his patients to worship at a much frequented church, and there received from Francis the rebuke so well merited for his indiscretion. The heart of the sick man was oppressed as he listened to the censure of his benefactor; and the heart of Francis was moved within him to perceive that he had thus inadvertently added to the burden of the heavy laden. He fell at the leper's feet, implored his forgiveness, sat down with him to eat out of the same dish, embraced and dismissed him! Had he grasped every subtle distinction of the Summa Theolo-

gim itself, or had he even built up that stupendous monument of the learning of his age, it would have been a lower title to the honors of canonization.

The church of St. Damiano still lay in ruins. The command to rebuild it was still unrevoked. If success had followed the attempt to extract the requisite funds from the hoards of the old merchant, Plutus, his inexorable father, had been invoked in vain. Poverty, his affianced wife, might be more propitious. He wooed her in the form she loved best. In the dress and character of a beggar he traversed the city through which he had been wont to pass, the gayest of her troubadours, the bravest of her captains, the most sumptuous of her merchants. Assisi had her witty men who jeered, her wise men who looked grave, and her respectable men who were scandalized, as this strange apparition invoked their alms in the names of the Virgin and of St. Damiano. Solemn heads were shaken at the sight, in allusion to the supposed state of the brain of the mendicant. But the sarcasms of the facetious, and the conclusive objections of the sensible, fell on Francis like arrows rebounding from the scales of Behemoth. His energy silenced and repelled them all. Insuperable difficulties gave way before him. The squalid lazarus became the inspiring genius of the architect, the paymaster of the builders, the menial drudge of the workmen. Sometimes he came with money in his hand, sometimes with stones and mortar on his back. At his bidding, nave, chancel, arches, roof, and towers, rose from their foundations. The sacred edifice appeared in renovated splendor. The heavenly precept was obeyed.

Prompt and decisive was the reaction of popular feeling. Instead of debating whether this strange mortal was rogue or maniac, it was now argued that he must be either a necromancer or a saint. The wiser and more charitable opinion prevailed. Near to the city was a ruined church sacred to the prince of the apostles. Confident in his late success, Francis rather demanded, than implored, contributions for rebuilding it. Purses were emptied into his hands, and speedily the dome of St. Peter's looked down in all its pristine dignity on the marts and battlements of Assisi.

There were no church-building commissioners in those days. In their stead, a half starved youth in the rags of a beadsman, moved along the streets of his native city, appealing to every passer-by, in quiet tones and earnest words, and with looks still more persuasive, to aid him in reconstructing the chapel of La Porzioncula; a shrine of Our Lady of Angels, of which the remains may yet be seen, at once hallowing and adorning the quiet meadow by which Assisi is surrounded. "He wept to think upon her stones, it grieved him to see her in the dust." Vows were uttered, processions formed, jewels, plate, and gold were laid at the feet of the gentle enthusiast; and Mary with her attendant angels rejoiced (so at least it was devoutly believed) over the number and the zeal of the worshippers who once more thronged the courts erected in honor of her name.

From that devout company he was not often absent, by whose pious zeal the work had been accomplished. As he knelt before the altar the oracular voice so often heard before again broke in upon the silence of his soul. It cried, "Take nothing for your journey, neither staves nor scrip, neither bread nor money, neither have two coats apiece." A caviller, in the plight to which Francis was reduced already, might have evaded such an injunction. But Francis was no caviller. The poor fragment left to him of this world's goods, his shoes, his staff, his leathern girdle, and his empty purse, were abandoned: and in his coarse cloak of serge, drawn round him with a common cord, he might defy men and devils to plunge him more deeply in the lack of this world's wealth, or to rekindle in his heart the passion for it.

And now were consummated his nuptials with his betrothed spouse. Dante has composed the Epithalamium in the eleventh Canto of the *Paradiso*:—

"Not long the period from his glorious birth,
When, with extraordinary virtue blest,
This wondrous Sun began to comfort earth;
Bearing, while yet a child, his father's ire,
For sake of her whom all at death detest,
And banish from the gate of their desire.
Before the spiritual court, before
His father, too, he took her for his own:
From day to day then loved her more and more.
* * * * *
But lest my language be not clearly seen,
Know, that in speaking of these lovers twain,
Francis and Poverty henceforth I mean.
Their joyful looks, with pleasant concord fraught,
Where love and sweetness might be seen to reign,
Were unto others cause of holy thought."

Nor did Bossuet himself disdain to emulate this part of the "divine comedy." In the panegyric bestowed on the saint by the great orator, Francis is introduced thus addressing his bride :

"Ma chere Pauvreté, si basse que soit ton extraction selon le judgement des hommes, je t'estime depuis que mon maître t'a épousee. Et certes," proceeds the preacher, "il avait raison, Chrétiens ! Si un roi épouse une fille de basse extraction, elle devient reine ; on en murmure quelque temps, mais enfin on la reconnaît : elle est ennoblie par le mariage du prince." "Oh pauvres ! que vous êtes heureux ! parce qu'a vous appartient le royaume de Dieu. Heureux donc mille et mille fois, le pauvre François ; le plus ardent, le plus transporté, et si l'ose parler de la sorte, le plus desespere amateur de la pauvreté qui ait peut être été dans l'église."

Art contributed her aid to commemorate this solemn union. In one of the churches of Assisi may yet be seen a fresco by Giotto, of Francis and his bride ; he placing the nuptial ring on her finger, and she crowned with light and roses, but clothed in sordid apparel, and her feet torn by the sharp stones and briars over which she is passing.

As often as the rising sun had in former days lighted up the spires of Assisi, it had summoned the hard-handed many to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows ; and the prosperous few to drive bargains, or to give them legal form ; to chant masses, or to assist at them ; to confess, or to lay matter for confession ; to arrange their toilettes, or to sit in judgment on the dresses and characters of others ; to sleep through the sultry noon, and to while away the long soft summer nights with dice, music, scandal, or lovers' vows ; till, after some few circuits through the zodiac, the same sun looked down on their children's children sauntering at the same listless pace, along the same flowery road, to the same inevitable bourne. But no sooner had these prolific nuptials been celebrated, than the great mass of human existance at Assisi began to heave with unwonted agitation. In her streets and public walks and churches, might be daily encountered the presence of one, most merciless to himself, most merciful to others. His few, simple, and affectionate words, penetrated those cold

* Wright's *Dante*.

and frivolous minds ; for they were uttered in the soul-subduing power of a sneer, whose wide horizon embraces the sublime objects visible to the eye of faith, though hidden from the grosser eye of sense.

Of the union of Francis and Poverty, Bernard de Quintavalle was the first fruits. He was a man of wealth and distinction, and had cherished some distrust of the real sanctity of his fellow-townsman. Bernard therefore brought him to his house, laid himself down to rest in the same chamber, and pretended to sleep while he watched the proceedings of his guest. He saw him rise and kneel, extend his arms, weep tears of rapture, and gaze towards heaven, exclaiming repeatedly, "My God, and my all!" At this sight all doubts were dissipated. "Tell me," said Bernard to his friend, when they met shortly afterwards, "if a slave should receive from his master a treasure which he finds to be useless to him, what ought he to do with it?" "Let him restore it," said Francis, "to his master." "Lo, then," replied Bernard, "I render back to God the earthly goods with which He has enriched me." "We will go together to church," rejoined the spouse of Poverty, "and, after hearing mass, we will ascertain his will." In their way thither they were joined by Peter of Cantania, who, though a canon of the cathedral church of Assisi, was another aspirant after the same sublime self-sacrifice.

The three knelt together before the altar ; and when the mass had been sung, the officiating priest, at their request, made the sign of the cross over the missal, and then devoutly opened it. Once on behalf of each of them were these *sortes sanctorum* tried. To the first inquiry, the response of the oracle was, "If ye will be perfect, go and sell all ye have." To the second it answered, "Take nothing for your journey." To the third and last was returned the admonition, "He that would come after me, let him deny himself, and take up the cross and follow me." "Ye have heard, my brethren," exclaimed Francis, "what must be our rule of life, and the rule of all who shall join us. Let us obey the divine command." It was obeyed implicitly. Bernard and Peter sold all they had, and gave it to the poor ; and having stripped themselves of all temporal wealth, as absolutely as their leader, they assumed his austere dress, and avowed themselves his disciples.

A great event had thus happened in an unconscious world. Though but three had thus met together, yet the order of Minorites or Franciscan brethren was constituted. Six centuries have since passed away ; and it still flourishes, one of the elements of life, if not of progress, in the great Christian commonwealth.

The grain of mustard-seed soon began to germinate. Francis, Bernard, and Peter retired together to a hut in the centre of the plain of Rivo Torto ; so called from a serpentine stream which wanders through it. With what authority the founder ruled even these, his first followers, may be inferred from the fact (attested by the usual evidence) that after the death of Peter, such prodigies of healing were wrought at his tomb, as much disturbed the devout retirement of his surviving friends. "Brother Peter, you always obeyed me implicitly when you were alive," at length exclaimed the much perplexed Francis—"I expect from you a similar submission now. The visitors to your tomb annoy me sadly. In the name of holy obedience I command you to work no more miracles." Peter at once dutifully desisted from his posthumous works of mercy. "So obedient," observes M. Chavin du Malan, writing in this nineteenth century, "were the family of Francis even after death."

At Rivo Torto, Egidius, another rich citizen of Assisi, sought out and joined the new society. Famous for many graces, and for not a few miracles, he is especially celebrated for having received at Perugia a visit from St. Louis in disguise, when the two saints long knelt together in silence, embracing each other, so as to bring their hearts into the closest possible contiguity. On the departure of the king, Egidius was rebuked by his brethren for his rudeness, in saying not a word to so great a sovereign. "Marvel not," he answered, "that we did not speak. A divine light laid bare to each of us the heart of the other. No words could have intelligibly expressed that language of the soul, or have imparted the same sacred consolation. So impotent is the tongue of man to utter divine mysteries."

Sabbatini, of whom we read only that he was "vir bonus et rectus"—Morico, a crusader, who had been miraculously cured by the prayers of Francis—John de Capella, "who, like another Judas, hanged himself at last"—Sylvester, who, in a dream, had seen the arms of Francis extended to either end of the world, while a golden cross reached from his lips to heaven—with four other worthies, of whom history has preserved only the names, followed the steps of the mystic Egidius. In the dilapidated hut of Rivo Torto, twelve poor men had now assembled. To a common observer they might have passed for the beggar king and his tattered crew. To the leader himself they appeared, more justly, an image of the brotherhood of which the patriarchal family had been the type, and the apostolic college the antitype.

The morning had dawned over the hills from which the Rivo Torto flows and had been the prayer of Francis, when, rising from his knees, he called his brethren to him, and thus addressed them. "Take courage, and shelter yourselves in God. Be not depressed to think how few we are. But not alarmed either at your own weakness, or at mine. God has revealed to me that he will diffuse through the earth this our little family of which he is himself the Father. I would have concealed what I have seen, but love constrains me to impart it to you. I have seen a great multitude coming to us, to wear our dress, to live as we do. I have seen all the roads crowded with men travelling in eager haste to meet us. The French are coming. The Spaniards are hastening. The English and the Germans are running. All nations are mingling together. I hear the tread of the numbers who go and come to execute the commands of holy obedience." "We seem contemptible and insane. But fear not. Believe that our Saviour, who has overcome the world, will speak affectually in us. If gold should lie in our way, let us value it as the dust beneath our feet. We will not, however, condemn or despise the rich who live softly, and are arrayed sumptuously. God, who is our master, is theirs also. But go and preach repentance for the remission of sins. Faithful men, gentle, and full of charity, will receive you and your words with joy. Proud and impious men will condemn and oppose you. Settle it in your hearts to endure all things with meekness and patience. The wise and the noble will soon join themselves to you, and, with you, will preach to kings, to princes, and to nations. Be patient in tribulation, fervent in prayer, fearless in labor, and he kin gdom of God, which endures forever, shall be your reward."

Such, we are assured by his three companions, was the inaugural discourse of Francis to his disciples. Then drawing on the earth on which he stood a figure of the cross, each limb of which was turned to one of the four cardinal points of the compass, and arranging his companions in the four corresponding lines, he dismissed each of them with the solemn benediction—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall nourish thee." The new missionaries departed to their work of mercy, and Francis himself retired to the solitude of the hut of Rivo Torto.

In that retirement an arduous duty awaited him. He drew up there, in twenty-three chapters, the rule of his new monastic order, "the Magna Charta of Poverty." It did not essentially differ from the similar institutes of the Benedictines. To the vows of chastity and obedience was however to be added a solemn vow of poverty. His brethren were to labor with their hands, and were to be maintained by alms. But they were to solicit alms, not as suitors for a gratuitous favor, but as assertors of a positive right, which Christ himself had bestowed on the poor. A code of higher authority than any human laws had imposed; on the rich the office, and the obligations, of stewards for such as had need of sustenance. The indigent were the real proprietors of all earthly treasures. The food on which Dives fared sumptuously belonged of right to Lazarus; and Dives could acquire an equal title to be fed; only by lying, in his turn a beggar at the gate.

A doctrine always so welcome to the great body of mankind could never have been announced with a surer prospect of a wide and cordial acceptance than in the commencement of the thirteenth century. But the establishment in the church of a polity thus democratic, seemed no easy enterprise. The sanction of him who wore the Triple Crown could, it seemed, be scarcely expected for an institute so menacing to all sovereigns, whether secular or spiritual. Yet, without that sanction, the founder might become an heresiarch as guilty as Peter Waldo, and his followers obnoxious to punishments as terrible as those of the Albigenses. It was in the summer of the year 1210 that Francis, accompanied by two or three of his disciples, made a pilgrimage to Rome, to propitiate, if possible, to these startling novelties, the formidable potentate who then bore the keys and the sword of Peter.

The splendid palace of the Lateran reflected the rays of the evening sun as the wayworn travellers approached it. A group of churchmen in sumptuous apparel were traversing with slow and measured steps its lofty terrace, then called "the Mirror," as if afraid to overtake Him who preceeded them in a dress studiously simple, and with a countenance wrapt in earnest meditation. Unruffled by passion, and yet elate with conscious power that eagle eye, and those capacious brows, announced him the lord of a dominion which might have satisfied at once the pride of Diogenes and the ambition of Alexander. Since the Tugurium was built on the Capitoline, no greater monarch had ever called the seven hills his own. But in his pontificate no era had occurred more arduous than that in which Innocent the Third saw the mendicants of Assisi prostrate themselves at his feet.

Twelve years had elapsed since his elevation to the pontifical throne. In that period he had converted into realities the most audacious visions of Hilderbrand. He had the oath of fealty to himself from all the imperial officers of the city. He had seized on the marches of Ancona and Umbria. He had annulled the election of Federick the infant son of the deceased emperor, and as vicar of Christ on earth, had substituted for him the young Otho of Brunswick, whom he afterwards excommunicated. He had laid France under an interdict to punish the divorce of Philip Augustus. He had given away the crown of Bohemia and Bulgaria. He had received homage from John for the crown of England; and, availing himself of Count Baldwin's capture of Constantinople, he had become the arbiter of the fortunes of the eastern empire. So far all had been triumphant. But dark clouds had now, arisen, which may well be supposed to have shaped and colored the evening reverie of this great conqueror, when it was interrupted by the sudden appearance of Francis and his companions.

The interruption was as unwelcome as it was abrupt. As he gazed at the squaid dress and faces of his strange suitors, and observed their bare and un-washed feet, his lip curled with disdain, and sternly commanding them to withdraw, he seemed again to retire from the outer world into some of the deep recess of that capacious mind. Francis and his companions betook themselves to prayer; Innocent to his couch. There (says the legend he dreamt that a palm-tree sprouted up from the ground between his feet, and swiftly shooting up into the heavens, cast her boughs on every side, a shelter from the heat and a refreshment to the weary. The vision of the night (so proceeds the tale) dictated the policy of the morning, and assured Innocent that, under his fostering care, the Franciscan Palm would strike deep her roots, and expand her foliage on every side, in the vineyard of the church.

Never however, was there a time when the councils of Rome were less under the influence of narcotics of any kind. It must have been in the vigils, not in the slumbers, of the night, that the pontiff revolved the incidents of the preceding evening, and perceived their full significance. Yet why deliberate at all when it is impossible to err? Infallibility should advance to truth by one free intuiritive bound, not hobbling on the crutches of inquiry and inference. It is among the mysteries which we are bound to revere in silence, that, whether in solitude or in synods, the inspired wisdom of Rome has always groped its way by the aid of human reasoning. No record remains of those which now governed the resolves of Innocent; but an obvious conjecture may supply them.

The great traditional maxim of the papal dynasty has ever been, to direct the tendencies of each succeeding age, by grasping and controlling the springs of action from which the spirit of each successively derives its mould, and form, and fashion. From every province of his spiritual empire had recently reached the pontiff tidings of the appearance and rapid diffusion of a spirit full of menace to all thrones, and urgently demanding subjugation. It might be called the fraternizing spirit. It manifested itself in the creation of brotherhoods as barriers against despotism, both feudal and ecclesiastical. In all the chief cities of Europe, the merchants, citizens, and workmen, were forming themselves into guilds, and electing their own syndics and magistrates. Already might be discerned the active germs of the great commercial commonwealths of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa; of Frankfort, Ghent, and Bruges; of Hamburg, Lubec, and Bremen; and those of the no less great commercial corporations of London, Bristol, and Norwich. Still more numerous were the religious associations which, in one vast, though incoherent alliance, opposed the pride and luxury of their spiritual lords. From the Gaudalquivier to the Elbe—from the Thames to the Tiber—swarms of such socialists practised, or seemed to practise, extreme austerities, and inculcated doctrines abhorred of the orthodox and the faithful. Obscurely distinguished from each other as Patrins, Cathari, Bons-Hommes, Poor men of Lyons, Josephines, Flagellants, Publicani, and Waldenses, or grouped together under the general term of Albigenses, they rejected the sacraments of marriage and penance, and disbelieved the magical influence of baptism and the lawfulness of oaths and of capital punishments. They maintained that no divine ordinance was valid if administered by a priest in mortal sin. They taught that the successors of the apostles were bound to succeed to the apostolic poverty; and since none so well fulfilled that hereditary obligation as themselves, they thought that none were equally well entitled to discharge the apostle officer.

To refute these errors, Rome had employed her most irrefragable arguments; the bitter curses of Lucius; the cruelties beyond conception horrible, of Innocent. The brand, the scourge, and the sword, had fallen from the wearied hands of the ministers of his vengeance. Hundreds were cast alive into the furnace, and not a few plunged into the flames with exulting declarations of the faith for which they perished. The vicar of Christ bathed the banner of the cross in a carnage from which the wolves of Romulus, and the eagles of Cæsar, would have turned away with loathing. But the will of the sufferers was indomitable, and this new scourge of God was constrained to feel, that from conquests which left the immortal spirit unsubdued, he could derive no effectual security, and no enduring triumph.

Such was the menacing aspect which Christendom presented to her sacerdotal head at the moment, when, after having first repulsed, he again summoned to his presence, the mendicants of Assisi. The other monastic orders formed so many ramparts round his throne. But neither the Benedictines with their splendid endowments, nor the Carthusians with their self-immolations, nor the Cisterians in their studious solitudes, nor the Templars and Hospitallers with their sharp swords, nor the Beguines and Maturins with their half-secular pursuits, could oppose any affective weapons to the migratory gospellers, who in every land toiled and preached and died, at once the martyrs and the devoted antagonists of his power. It was, then, in no dreaming phantasy, but in open vision, that the palm-tree sprung up between his feet, a new and a welcome shelter. The fervid speech, the resolved aspect, the lowly demeanor, the very dirt and wretchedness of those squalid vagrants, gave to that penetrating eye assurance of a devotedness which might rival and eclipse, and persuade those whom Simon de Montfort had in vain attempted to exterminate. And as, in later days, Aristotelian innovations were neutralized by scholastic subtleties; the and all-emancipating press by the soul-subduing miracles of art; the impassioned revolt of Luther by the ardent allegiance of Loyola; so now the ill-organized confederacy of the reformers of Western Europe might be counteracted by a zeal as impetuous as their own, but more efficient when guided by the unerring sagacity of the Roman conclave. The popular watchwords of Poverty, Continence, Lowliness, and Self-denial, would no longer be used only as reproaches on the Roman hierarchy, but as the war-cry of self-mortified adherents of Rome. Her enthusiastic missionaries, commanding the sympathy of the multitude, would direct it in holy indignation against the vices of the mitre and the coronet, but in pious loyalty towards the tiara which had rested for a thousand years on the brows of the successors of Peter.

With such prescience, Innocent recalled the youth whose first overtures he had contemptuously rejected. He now accepted them, cordially indeed, yet with characteristic caution. The laws of the proposed order of Minorites were examined, discussed, and approved. Heedless of the sinister predictions of the sacred college, the pope was willing to recognize, in the severity of their discipline, the perfection which Christ himself requires; and Francis, having plighted solemn vows of obedience, and having received in turn no less solemn apostolic blessing, departed from the Lateran with an "unwritten" approbation of his rule.

Inflamed with holy ardor for the conversion of men, and for the defence of the fortress and centre of the Catholic faith, he returned to his native city. His toilsome march was a genuine ovation. His steps were followed by admiring crowds; church-bells rang out their peals at his approach; processions chanting solemn litanies advanced to meet him; enraptured devotees kissed his clothes, his hands, his feet; proselytes of either sex, and of every rank and age, repeated the vows of poverty, continence, obedience, and labor; and as the words passed from mouth to mouth, other vows mingled with them, devoting lands, convents, and monasteries, to the use of those whose abandonment of all worldly wealth was thus enthusiastically celebrated. Superb inconsistency! No homage, however extravagant, is refused by mankind to a will at once inflexible and triumphant; so great is the reverence unconsciously rendered, even by the least reflecting, to the great mystery of our nature;—the existence in man of volitions and of resolves not absorbed in the Supreme Will, but, in some enigmatic sense distinct from it. The simple-hearted Francis had a readier solution. "They honor God," he exclaimed, "in the vilest of his creatures." Whatever may have been the motive of the donors, the fact is certain, that on his return from Rome, the spouse of Poverty received for the use of his spiritual offspring a formal grant of the church of St. Mary of Angels, or the Porzioncula, which his pious zeal had reinstated.

Among the saints of the Roman calendar few enjoy more exalted renown than St. Clare, a scion of the noble house of Ortolana. "Clara," so runs the bull of her canonization, "claris præclara meritis, magnæ in celo claritate gloria, ac in terra miraculorum sublimum, clara claret." Even before her birth a voice from heaven had announced that her course of life was to be a brilliant one, and at the instance of her mother, to whom the promise had been addressed, she therefore received at the baptismal font the significant name on which, after her death, Pope Alexander the Fourth was to play this jingle. From her childhood she had justified the appellation. Beneath her costly robes, and the jewels whidh adorned them, she wore the penitential girdle; and vain were the efforts of countless suitors to win a heart already devoted to the heavenly Bridegroom. The fame of her piety reached the ears of Francis. She admired the lustre of his sanctity. The mutual attraction was felt and acknowledged. They met, conferred, and met again. By his advice an elopement from the house of her parents was arranged, and by his assistance it was effected. They fled to the Porzioncula. Monks, chanting their matins by torch light, received and welcomed her there; and then, attended by her spiritual guide, she took sanctuary in the neighboring church of St. Paul until arrangements could be made for her reception in a convent.

The heroine of the romance was in her nineteenth, the hero in his thirtieth year. Yet she was not an Eloisa, but only one of those young ladies (all good angels guard them!) by whom the ether of sacerdotal eloquence cannot be safely inhaled in private. He was not an Abelard, but only one of those ghostly counsellors (all good angels avert them!) who would conduct souls to heaven by the breach of the earliest and most sacred of the duties which He who reigns there has laid upon us. Such, indeed, was the superiority of Francis to any prejudice in favor of filial obedience and parental authority, that despite the agony and the rage of her father, and the efforts of his armed retainers, he induced her two sisters, Agnes and Beatrice, to follow her flight and to partake of her seclusion. The shears which severed the clustering locks of Agnes, were held, we are assured, by his own consecrated hands.

So bewitching an example was, of course, fatal to many other flowing tresses, and to the serenity of the heads they covered. The church of St. Damiano, which the zeal of Francis had reconstructed, became the convent of the order of poor sisters. Monks cannot cease to be men; and, in their

silent cells, the hearts of the Minor brethren throbbed to learn that their cravings for woman's sympathy were thus, at least, partially satisfied. Under the guidance of the ladies of the house of Ortolana, and the legislation of their common founder, colonies of this devoted sisterhood were rapidly settled in all the chief cities of Europe; and Clara, the disobedient and the devout, being elected the first abbess of the order, performed miracles of self conquest in her lifetime, and miracles of mercy in the tomb.

At the summit of his hopes, Francis surveyed the path which yet lay before him; and his spirit fainted at the prospect. Renown, influence, supremacy, had gathered round him, and his soul was oppressed with the responsibilities of trusts so weighty, and for the use of which he was wholly unprepared by any literary or theological education. In words which he ascribes to Francis himself, St. Bonaventura depicts the conflict of his mind on the grave question, whether, by a life of solitary devotion, or by a life of apostolic labors, he should best fulfil the divine counsels. If the quotation of his language be accurate, it is evident that he inclined to the more active choice, but dreaded to oppose to the wisdom of his age the foolishness of such preaching as his untaught mind and unpractised tongue could utter. If the difficulty itself is characteristic of him, the escape from it is still more so.

Silvester, one of his associates at the Rivo Torto, still remained in the adjacent mountains, a hermit absorbed in devotion. To him, and to Clara, Francis despatched instructions to ascertain what was the pleasure of the great Head of the church on this momentous question. The answers of the hermit and the abbess were the same. To each it had been revealed that the founder of their order should go forth and preach. God, they assured him, would put words into his mouth. To receive the joint message he knelt on the earth, his head bare and bowed down, his hands crossed over his breast. On hearing it he vaulted from the ground, crying, "Let us go forth in the name of the Lord!" At his first appearance as a preacher, burning eloquence burst from his lips, diseases fled at his touch, sinners abandoned their vices, and crowds flocked into his order. Every day witnessed the increase of the numbers and zeal of his proselytes; and on the 30th of May, 1216, a goodly company constituted the first chapter of the order of the Minor brethren, had assembled at the Porzuncula.

This convention was rendered memorable in their annals by the apportionment which was then made of the Christian world into so many Franciscan missions. For himself, the founder reserved the kingdom of France, as the noblest and most arduous province. Tuscany, Lombardy, Provence, Spain, and Germany, were assigned to five of his principal followers. Such were now their numbers that thirty-four departed for Provence, and no less than sixty found their way to the empire. The land of the Ghibellines, the future birthplace of Luther, formed, however, even in the 13th century, an exception to the welcome with which, in other parts of Europe, these new emissaries of Rome were enthusiastically received. Of the itinerants along the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, not one could make himself intelligible in the German tongue. Destitute of the ever ready resource of miracle, (it is difficult to conjecture why,) they could not convince a people with whom they could not communicate, and were driven away with ridicule and outrage.

The French Mission received a yet more unexpected check. To place this great undertaking under the special care of St. Peter and St. Paul, Francis commenced his journey by visiting their sepulchres. Rome had at that time received another, not less memorable, guest, since known in the calendar of the saints by the name of Dominic. He was a Spaniard, the member of a noble house, a man of letters and a priest. Amid the horrors of the crusade against the Albigenses, and while himself deeply stained with that blood-guiltiness, he had preached repentance, and inculcated orthodoxy. And now, a sojourner in the metropolis of Christendom, he saw a vision, Christ himself possessed with wrath against mankind, (so well agreed his sleeping and his waking thoughts,) and then appeared to him the Virgin mother, appeasing her Son by presenting to him two men, in one of whom the dreamer saw his own image. The other was a stranger to him. When, with the return of light, he repaired to a neighboring church to worship, that stranger appeared there in the garb of a mendicant. "My brother, my companion," exclaimed the Spaniard, "let us unite our powers, and nothing shall prevail against us;" and forthwith the founders of the Dominican and Franciscan orders were in each other's arms. They met again at the palace of the Cardinal Ugolino. He proposed to them the elevation of some of their followers to the episcopacy, and even to the sacred college. The offer was declined by both. Another ineffectual proposal was made by Dominic himself for the union of their separate institutes; and then, with earnest profession of mutual support, they parted to divide the world between them.

To secure his share of that empire, Francis, however, found it necessary to abandon his contemplated mission. The sagacity of Ugolino had detected the intrigues and secret machinations of the enemies of this new spiritual power, and his authority induced the founder of it to remain at Rome, to counteract them. Subtlety, the tutelary genius of his country, and his natural ally on such an occasion, left him on this, as on so many other exigencies, to the charge of the gentler power, Somnus, who, throwing open the ivory gates, exhibited to him, first a hen attempting in vain to gather her chickens under her wings, and then a majestic bird, gently alighting to spread her far-extended plumage over the unprotected brood. The interpretation was obvious. The pope must be persuaded to appoint Ugolino as protector of the unfledged nestlings of the Franciscan eyrie.

But Innocent was dead, and the third Honorius, a stranger to Francis, and studiously prepossessed against him, filled the papal throne. The cardinal proposed that the suitor for this new favor should win it by preaching in the sacred consistory, persuaded that the eloquence for which he was renowned must triumph over all opposing prejudices. Great were the throes of preparation. A sermon, composed with the utmost skill of the preacher, was engraved, with his utmost diligence, on his memory. But at the sight of that august audience, every trace of it departed from his mind, leaving him in utter confusion, and, as it seemed, in hopeless silence. A pause, a mental prayer, and one vehement self-conflict followed, and then abandoning himself to the natural current of his own ardent emotions, he poured forth his soul, in an address so full of warmth and energy, as to extort from the pope, and the whole college, the exclamation, that it was not he that spake, but the divinity which spoke within him. From such lips no request could be preferred in vain; and Ugolino was nominated by Honorius to the high and confidential post of protector to the Minorite brethren.—(Remainder next week.)

THE ARMENIAN LEPER.

Towards the close of one of those long, bright, sultry days which succeed each other with such unvarying sameness during the summer of Asia Minor,

a caravan, consisting of a string of some thirty of forty camels, defiled slowly through the beautiful vale of St. Anne. This magnificent valley at the entrance of which lays the city of Smyria, in all the pride of her oriental beauty, is of vast extent, and remarkable for its luxuriant vegetation. It stretches many miles into the interior of the country, closed in, on all sides, by lofty mountains.

The picturesque procession having wound through the last deep ravine, at the steady undeviating pace of the untiring camel, at last emerged into the open country, and came to a halt. It was here that the travellers, who had availed themselves of the protection of the caravan so long as their course was the same with its appointed course, were to separate from their companions, and chose each his track over the wide, desolate plain that lay before them. These were chiefly Europeans; and amongst the number were two young Englishmen, who having heard that somewhere in this direction the remains of a temple had been lately found, had set out in quest of it, although with only an indefinite idea as to the locality of the ruins.

The tinkling of the camel bells was scarcely lost in the distance before the adventurers began to bethink themselves of the admonitions they had received from their companions. The night had fallen so suddenly that it seems as though the darkness had been hurled down upon the earth from the depth of the dark blue sky. No indications of the ruins they sought presented themselves; and what was more the Smyronites has not left them in ignorance that no human habitation existed within a distance of many miles.

For a time they wandered recklessly on, thinking they would find a couch quite soft enough among the low aromatic herbs, which clothed the desert where they were roaming; but soon the idea of quitting their saddles at all was tacitly given up, notwithstanding the fatigue of their jaded horses; for on all sides, now far off, now so near that they started involuntarily, rose the ominous howling of the beasts of prey, whose numbers render the vicinity of Ephesus so dangerous. They were now greatly at a loss to proceed, or in what manner to pass the night until the returning day should enable them to shape their course in safety, when suddenly they perceived a faintly twinkling light gleaming on the plain, a short distance from them.

Greatly surprised at a sight so unexpected in this dreary solitude, they gladly hurried towards it, and soon distinguished in the dim starlight the dark outline of a heap of ruins, where broken arches and prostrate columns lay mingling together. They had no doubt that this was the temple they were in search of; but the light which now appeared to burn so steadily in the interior was not so easily accounted for. Advancing to the spot, they dismounted; and having fastened their horses to a pillar, proceeded to explore the ruins, which were of considerable extent on foot. Guided by the mysterious ray, which brightened as they approached, they at length reached a large, rudely constructed aperture, through which they could perceive a small lamp placed in a nich in the wall, which strongly illuminated a very singular chamber. The broken pillars, with large stones brought from some other part of the building, had been so disposed as to form a circular wall, whilst the roof had originally been part of that of the temple itself; a window and door facing each other had been fashioned with considerable skill; and a couch composed of the long leaves of the Indian corn, carefully dried, showed that it was the habitation of a human being. Directly facing them the occupant of this strange apartment himself was seated, intently engaged on some absorbing employment, whilst a large book lay open at his side. He was a man seemingly of some fifty years of age, with a mild and pleasant countenance, which was stamped with a peculiarly calm and peaceful expression. His dress was that worn by the Armenians of the lower orders; and his long beard and flowing hair rendered his appearance strikingly picturesque.

The intruders gazed at him for a few minutes, and then advancing were about to enter the apartment and crave his hospitality for the night. At the sound of their footsteps, the solitary man suddenly started from the ground, and as soon as his eye fell on the strangers, careless of the customary forms of eastern politeness, he held out his hands as though to ward them off, and exclaimed—

"Stand back! At your peril come no further!"

He spoke in Italian; and the Englishmen, half smiling at the idea that he took them for robbers, answered in the same language—

"You need not fear, we will not injure you."

A smile, in which there was intense melancholy, passed over the lips of the solitary.

"You will not injure me, I well believe," he answered in a low sad voice; "but I should harm you."

"How!" exclaimed the strangers instinctively grasping their pistols.

"Not willingly," continued he. "There is no danger for you, if you do not touch me; and if you require food and shelter, as I imagine you do, most gladly will I now offer you both. It has been my privilege to prepare a resting place for travellers benighted like yourself upon the plain, and it is my greatest joy when they avail themselves of it."

The Englishmen looked at one another; for the manners and language of the solitary were by no means in accordance with the meanness of his dress and appearance. But he gave them no time for reflection; taking the lamp from the wall, he gathered his garments closely around him, and passing them at as great a distance as he could, said, "Follow me: for at your peril you must not enter here!" They obeyed; and leading them to the door of a room somewhat similar to that he had quitted, he stood aside, and signed to them to enter. It was furnished with several couches of dried leaves, covered with panther-skins; and in the centre stood a small table, roughly constructed of uneven wood. When the travellers had completed the survey, they found that their singular host had retired, leaving a lamp on the threshold; but in a few minutes he reappeared, carrying several vases of fresh water, and a large basket filled with grapes and other fruits, just gathered—a circumstance which seemed also somewhat unaccountable in the midst of a desert plain. These he placed at the door, and requested them to lift the provisions themselves on the table. As he stooped, the light of the lamp shone full in his face, and the strangers suddenly started with an involuntary feeling of loathing, as they became aware of the strange and deadly whiteness which characterised it. The solitary perceived and understood the movement; he crossed his arms on his breast, (an attitude indicative of entire submission,) and said calmly, "Even so; I am a leper." The travellers had been long enough in the east to be aware of the virulent nature of this dreadful disease, and of the unfailing certainty of its communication by contagion, though the touch by which it is conveyed were only from the garment of the afflicted person. They now, therefore, appreciated and understood the generous precautions of their unhappy host, and complied with his request to sit down and partake of the repast he had provided, whilst he himself sat on the ground at the door, in order to supply any wants that might occur to them.

Whilst availing themselves gladly of the refreshment they so much required,

the travellers continued to look with deep interest on the sufferer, seemingly so patient under so grievous a trial; and, but for the dread of reawakening his sorrows, they would have inquired into the details of a history that could not fail to be most striking. He was himself, however, the first to open the subject.

"You now understand," he said, "why it is that I live among these solitary ruins, an outcast and an exile, not from my country only, but from all mankind. My disease is the incurable leprosy, for which there is no hope till its power over my mortal body shall be replaced by the corruption of the grave itself. Living, I shall never more know the pressure of a fellow creature's hand; and dying, my fainting head must not even make its last resting place on the bosom of a stranger!"

"What a fate!" exclaimed the Englishmen with an accent of pity.

"What a blessed, what a noble fate!" exclaimed the leper enthusiastically, "if I thereby fulfil the purpose of my creation, as ordained by the All Wise, whose prerogative alone is to draw out good from evil! Inglesi, you look surprised to hear the poor forlorn leper speaking thus; but you are young, and your eyes are yet dazzled with the false glitter of this world's perishable joys. If you please I will tell you the story of my life, and so accomplish a part of the end for which I suffer, if it teach you hereafter, when adversity shall stand upon your threshold, to open wide the door, and welcome to your hearth and home that destroyer of all self-hope and blind security!" The strangers signified their satisfaction at the proposal: and the leper, drawing as near to them as he could consistently with their safety, began at once to relate his history.

"I am an Armenian by birth, as my dress sufficiently indicates; but you would not guess, from my appearance now, that I was the only child of the richest diamond merchant of Broussa, a fair Asiatic town, whose name, it may be, you have scarcely ever heard. I was sole heir to all his wealth, and from my earliest infancy I dwelt in his splendid habitation, surrounded by every luxury which a pampered fancy could desire. He died when I was quite a boy, and I remained under the care of an uncle, who, being in fact dependent on me for support, was abundantly careful to gratify my every wish. This injudicious treatment might have been my ruin, had not my own inclination fortunately led me in a course that saved me from falling into idleness and dissipation. You are aware that we are Christians; the foundation of the Armenian church having been laid in the earliest days of an organized Christianity, and continuing with the same forms and ceremonies to the present day. From the first dawn of my reasoning powers it was my ambition to become a priest; not so much, however, from my particular vocation, as from the certainty that by this means alone I could have an opportunity of gratifying my studious propensities and passionate love of reading. Those only of the young Armenian men who are destined for the church receive any kind of education; and such was my intense desire for knowledge, that when, as a candidate for the priesthood, our libraries (which are extremely ancient,) were opened to me, I went far beyond the regular routine of study incumbent on me as such, and devoted my whole time to the pursuit of science and learning. Having acquired all the more important languages of the east—the Sanscrit, Hebrew, and others—I became desirous of gaining also those currently in use in Europe; and for this purpose I made a journey to Italy, for Broussa has little or no connection with the civilized world, and, more than any other town in Asia Minor, has retained its national characteristics and primitive customs. On my return I was admitted to the priesthood; and none could have been less qualified than myself for this high calling, as far as humility and self-denying virtue are requisite for it; but the authoritative power with which it invested me, suited well with my aspiring views; and this, along with my immense wealth and great reputation for learning, soon placed me in such an elevated position amongst my townsmen as gratified to the utmost my worldly ambition and inordinate pride. Ah! my friends, mine was then the leprosy of the soul—far worse than that which now affects my mortal body! Whilst the motives of my best actions sprung from no pure source, I avoided all outward contamination with the most haughty and fastidious care. Too slothful, and too greedy of man's applause to practice asceticism and retirement from the world, I mingled freely with those of my fellow-men who would admire my knowledge and laud my seeming sanctity, whilst I turned away from all the sinful and degraded without an attempt to reclaim them. To such a height did I carry my abhorrence of all things unclean, that I neglected, in consequence, one entire portion of my duties as priest; this was the care of the leper hospital, established at some distance from the town as a refuge for the victims of that fatal malady, to which a retributive justice has now consigned myself. It is true, in flying from the very sight of these miserable beings, and scrupulously avoiding all contact with them, I only obeyed the custom of the country, and the still more universal law of self-preservation—that which actuates yourselves even now; but it is a rule of the creed I professed that a man should give his life for the brethren, if need be; and therefore that was in me a crime which in others was not so. But the hour of reckoning with me was at hand. There is a certain festival in the Armenian church, when it is customary, that the priest should address the people. This was ever for me a day of exultation and vain display, for then only could I manifest the extent of my knowledge, and stifle with the thunders of my eloquence.

"I loved, in my arrogance, to tower over all that kneeling crowd, and show them what I myself must be in the high standard of virtue I presented for their example! The last time I performed this duty of my calling, the subject I chose was that of charity; and I found an ample field for my stern disdain, and bold comparisons, in pointing out to them the wide difference between my own high theories respecting this universal law, and the practical system of its performance in Mohammedan countries, where the master of scores of tortured and cowering slaves erects a hospital for cats, or commands that, after his death, a little reservoir for the rain-water shall be hewn out on his tombstone, that the birds may come and drink. I showed them how, virtually, they had all renounced the common brotherhood which binds in one the human race; how, daily, their rude hands tore asunder the fraternal tie between man and man! And, when I had concluded, I passed with haughty step through the ranks of my humble listeners, and went out to a grove of cypress near the town, to indulge in the pleasant reflections which arose abundantly from my gratified vanity. I had wandered on for some time, wrapt in thought, when a deep groan sounding near me caused me to turn round, and I perceived an unhappy wretch, evidently in great suffering, vainly endeavoring to crawl to a stream that flowed near him, where he might quench his thirst. At a glance—as quickly as you Inglesi, perceived the malady in me—I saw that he was a leper, and I could easily account for his forlorn situation in this wood, which was near the hospital I have already mentioned. In Asiatic towns

when it is discovered that a man is afflicted with leprosy, especially if it be that species of the disease which is incurable, he becomes, for all his friends and relatives, as one dead, and even those nearest and dearest to him renounce him as utterly as though he were a perfect stranger. Instantly, lest with an hour's delay the contamination should spread, he is driven forth, not only from house and home, but from all human habitation, and left to find his way, in the first agonies of his complaint, to the only refuge left to him, if he perish not on the road, as many do.

"No sooner did this victim of so terrible a doom distinguish the footsteps of a man, than, lifting up his voice, he implored of me, by every sacred name, to find means to give him to drink, for that he was perishing of thirst. But I, heedless of his misery, gathered carefully my robes around me, and fled from his presence with abhorrence. As I did so, suddenly, like a warning voice, I seemed to hear reechoed back upon my ear, the words which I myself had spoken but an hour before—the burning words, wherein I showed how charity meant love, and sternly announced that on every human being that law of love was laid, commanding them to cherish one another even to their own detriment! My friends, a man may hear the exhortations of another, and callously continue in his sins; but when by his own words he is judged, when his better self stands forward to condemn him, his conscience must be seared, more even than mine had been with all my pride and folly, to enable him to remain in obstinacy. I had been about to leave a fellow creature to perish in the worst of agonies. I paused—I turned—I hesitated. Then it occurred to me that I could, without much peril to myself, enable the sufferer to reach the water's edge, by taking off my scarf, several yards in length, and giving him one end to hold, whilst the other, grasped in my hands, would enable me to drag him to the streamlet. How little I merited the blessings the leper invoked upon my head as he saw me turn! How he seized my girdle with the energy of one whose life depended on this aid! till slowly, and by toilsome degrees, I drew him to the river's brink! Alas! the effort had so exhausted him, that when there, he was incapable of standing on his feet to descend the bank and drink.

I had again turned to leave him. I imagined I could do no more, though I saw that with the water almost rippling to his feet, he could not obtain one drop for his parched lips. I moved away despite of his cries. With one desperate effort he threw himself forward. He grasped my robe! I uttered a cry of horror! He seized my hand! Maddened with terror I tore myself from his grasp. I flung him from me with a violence which sent him rolling backwards amongst the stones; and I fled as though pursued by demons. For the next week, what a life was mine! Forever haunted by one gasty fear, which embodied all I ever had most dreaded, this much of good was in me even then, that I avoided the personal contact of my friends and servants, lest, even before the disease showed itself, some contagion should spread: and wo is me! never before had the human voice seemed so sweet to me, or my soul so yearned for human sympathy! My heart seemed to swell, even to bursting, with tenderness for those whose friendly hand I dared not touch; and at last the struggle of my feelings was so violent, that I was seized with a raging fever, and became delirious. Inglesi, from that unconsciousness I awoke in the leper hospital!

"During my illness, the fatal disease communicated to me (as it could not fail to be) by that one touch of the leper's hand had declared itself, and nothing could save me, loved, respected as I had been, from the common doom of my fellow sufferers; the curse was upon me which forever separated me from the sympathy of human beings! This only they did for me, in consideration, perhaps, of the position I had held before—they had me conveyed in safety to the hospital, and did not throw me out on the roadside to perish, as was but too customary; but there they left me, and from that hour I existed no more for all who had known me or loved me! And I awoke to know this, to feel it; to shrink, and shudder, and moan, as I thought that henceforward my sole companionship was to be with those loathsome beings whom I had ever avoided with such deep abhorrence. I was one of them! Freely they gathered round me, and touched me, and placed their terrible deformity, in which I shared, before my very eyes! I could not bear it; I was maddened by the sight. One night I made my escape from the hospital, and fled back towards the town where I had dwelt, so blessed with all that earth could give. I well knew I never could regain my position, or the wealth of which my uncle had taken possession, according to the law; but I had a yearning to look on human faces not disfigured by that dreadful taint, and I rushed wildly onward to the gates, with a faint hope that I might enter unperceived. All fled at my approach, as I had fled when HE implored me; and when I reached the town, I was driven back with curses. I turned to fly, and they pursued me, trying to stone me to death; but I was fired with all the energy of my despair, and escaped far into the desert, where at least if none were near to comfort, there was no leper's hideous face to torture me! It was night: a cloudless heaven was above me, a changeless wilderness around; and I was alone, struggling in a solitude which should be mine eternally, till I went to seek companions among the mouldering dead! Then the full horror of my sentence caused my brain to reel. I flung myself down upon the desert sands; I raved, I wept, and, in my despair, gave way to most impious thoughts.

"In this mood I lay till morning dawned, and then I rose to look upon the scene around me—a wide, uninterrupted field of burning sand, where the sunbeams revelled in unbroken splendor. One prominent object only met my eye. Close to me grew a tall and graceful palm-tree, towering up against the deep blue sky. I advanced and passed my arm round the slender stem, for I seemed to have a sort of companionship with it. Like myself, it was a lonely, solitary thing; and surely its existence in that vast desert must be useless, as my own would be henceforward. But as I looked on it I was struck with wonder and admiration. In my happier days I had been too much engrossed with my ambitious occupations and absorbing selfishness to have time to study the marvellous perfection displayed in the minutest works of nature, and now I gazed with almost childish delight on the exquisite beauty of every leaf on those long, feathery branches, and the perfect adaption of each delicate fibre or fold of veined bark to the purpose for which it was intended. The tree was thickly laden with fruit; the ripe dates strewed the ground all around me. I easily gathered a sufficient quantity to allay the hunger which had assailed me; and I then perceived that there grew, beneath the protecting shade of the lonely palm, several low bushes of the pitcher plant, whose bright green leaves do so marvellously take a vase-like form, and catch every drop of rain or dew till they have secreted a cool, delightful draught, which has saved the life of many a way-worn traveller in the desert. With this I quenched my thirst, and with all my wants thus satisfied I sat down at the foot of the friendly palm, and fell into deep meditation.

"This fair tree, alone in the desert, whose existence I compared to my

own, had abundantly proved that it was not a thing created in vain, were it but for the relief it had even now afforded to my sufferings; and there was to me something ennobling in the idea, that the germ of the vegetable life might have been placed in the sand, and passed through the various stages of its mysterious growth and fruition, till it came to be this stately palm, with the sole purpose, as ordained by the Creator, of hereafter alleviating the pangs of one of His human creatures. Be this as it might, it was impossible for me not to perceive, as I continued to examine all the perfections of its formation, with eyes opening for the first time to the actual wonders of nature, that the consummate wisdom therein displayed had been exercised for some one fore-determinate purpose, and that this purpose was good. Moreover, that guiding power which had directed the symmetrical outline of each tiny leaf upon my desert tree, had doubtless in like manner ruled every passing event in the life of reasoning beings. In that case, if all things on earth were tending to the great consummation of the overcoming of evil by good, the individuality even of suffering might well be forgot in the joy of adding our petty efforts to so glorious an end. My past life rose up before me, with its vanity, its utter egotism, its evil, fostered continually in my breast, and disseminated by my influence on others. Surely thrice welcome the leprosy which had torn me from my stronghold of pride and ambition, and cast me out into the desert, to be alone with—thought! My friends, I will not weary you with all my reflections during the long days when my mind was disciplined in that wilderness, till I learned to comprehend that, by the victory which one individual obtains over the germ of evil in his own bosom, the whole human race is advanced a step. Face to face with truth, in the immensity of that solitude, I beheld all things in their real light, and became at last what I now am—most happy in trusting submission.

"After a time I found that my friendly palm-tree was no longer sufficient for my wants; and besides, I was desirous of so regulating my future life, that I might be enabled, so far as my infirmity would permit, to perform my share in the great duty incumbent on every man—the continual endeavor to benefit his kind. I travelled on for many days, seeking a suitable resting place as near as might be to the haunts of men—of those for whom I desired to live, though forever cast out from amongst them. I came at length to this spot, and fancied that it seemed, as it were, prepared as a habitation for me; every facility was here afforded me of providing all that was necessary for my daily wants. The soil was good, and would readily admit of cultivation; and if I could establish a certain degree of communication with a village which lies at no great distance, I might thus obtain the seeds and implements which were requisite to make it yield the fruits you now see before you. I required but little; and I looked forward to a life of solitude without dread. The mosque belonging to the village stood, as those places of worship usually do, at a little distance from the habitations of the people; and I repaired thither next morning, keeping at a distance where it was not possible I could injure any one.

At break of day, as I expected, the muezzin appeared to sound the call to prayers; and when he had concluded, whilst he still stood on the minaret's gallery, I drew near, and addressed him without danger to himself. He willingly entered into the arrangement I proposed, and agreed to bring the provisions then necessary, as well as everything else I required, to a certain stone on the plain, where he was to find in exchange a magnificent diamond ring that still remained on the hand none dare to touch. By this means I was enabled to establish myself, with all the comforts you see around me, in this my home. Years have gone by since then; my vines yield fruit, my garden flourishes, and I am contented, or rather I am most happy, for I have found it possible, Pariah as I am, to link myself to the beloved human race, by the power of conferring benefits. My daily occupation is to weave the long reeds which grow on the banks of the stream into baskets and mats. These I cast on the bosom of the friendly rivulet, and its gentle waters bear them down to the village through which it flows; from thence they are withdrawn by the peasants, who sell them at the neighboring town; and more than once, when the fructifying rains had delayed their beneficent dews, the produce of my work has saved them from famine.

"Inglese, you have listened patiently to this my tale, and now you must lie down to rest. To-morrow you return to the world, and it may be that, when you mingle with its dazzling pleasures, and are allure by its vain hopes, you will appreciate them at their true value, remembering how an inward conviction in faith and trust could make a solitary leper thrice blest in a desert."

Whether the Englishmen profited by these admonitions, the record saith not. Next morning they departed, to take their part in the stir of life again, but the Armenian leper still dwells alone among the ruins of the temple.

GENERAL CUBIERES.

The life of General Despans-Cubieres, is somewhat remarkable. His father was the Marquis of Cubieres, page of Louis XV., and écuyer of Louis XVI. and Louis XVIII. He was born in 1788. At the imprisonment of his family, he, of course went with them. His age alone saved him from death. He was adopted, after some days of misery, by a family named Jordan, and a solid as well as brilliant education given him. He entered first the military school of St. Cyr, afterwards that of Fontainebleau, was made sub-lieutenant, and joined the army. At the siege of Marienbourg he helped to take an English brig by means of a pram, whose crew consisted of hussars. He made the campaign of 1805, was present at several combats, and slightly wounded at Austerlitz. Being dangerously wounded in the battle of Auerstadt, he was lying on the field of battle when a woman (such as there were many at that period) perceived him, flew to his aid, carried him far from the "melee," at the hazard of her life, and concealing him under some bushes, returned afterwards to the midst of the carnage to snatch other victims from the enemy. This courageous woman was named Marie Per, "cantiniere" of the 51st Regiment. Having been made lieutenant, the young Cubieres fought at Czarnow, and in 1807 at the passage of the Alle. Having received a bayonet wound at Eylau, he was made prisoner for a moment, then obtained his liberty, fought in the ranks of the 51st, and escaped miraculously the deadly fire that almost entirely destroyed that heroic regiment. He fought afterwards at Friedland and Tilsit, and was made Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. A aid-de-camp of General Morand, he passed a short time at Warsaw, where he gained the friendship of Poniatowski and other distinguished Poles. Having distinguished himself at Eckmühl, Esseling, and Ratisbonne, he was made captain at Wagram. In the disastrous campaign of Russia, he suffered cold and hunger with the rest, fought at Oserowne and Smolensk, at which latter place he took a battery by assault, and afterwards, being stationed in a salt-magazine, kept the enemy at bay for an entire day. He fought also at Polosk, Viazna, and at the Moskowa, where he had three

horses shot under him. In the unfortunate retreat from Moscow, the young officer paid to his kind the debt he owed to Marie Per, by saving from certain death Madame Lavaud and her son. At Lutzen he commanded a Croatian regiment. Leipzig, Lendenau, and Costheim, brought him the grade of officer of the Legion of Honor. At Montelimart he was the last to render military honours to Napoleon on going to Elba. During the hundred days he was again in action. At Quatre Bras, though wounded in the head and arm, he refused to quit his post. He attacked with fury Hougoumont, defended by the English under Sir Robert Inglis. His men fell beside him, and his horse was shot under him, but the English officer struck up the muskets of his men with his cane, as he saw that the colonel's arm was in a scarf, and thus allowed him to escape. Waterloo ended his military career.

And now this same man is on trial for bribing a Minister of France. Such is human nature.

THE FIRE-SHIP.

STONINGTON, Aug. 10th, 1847.

We then lay across the deck for awhile and peered into the gloom to seaward vainly striving to catch a glimpse of the "Fire Ship." This Fire-Ship is a part of the creed of a Block Islander, and (the truth is to be acknowledged) there is something very odd about her. Others than the islanders have believed in it. Dr. Mitchell once visited the island and for the sake of examining and reporting on the apparitions, and if I mistake not, did so do, and his account is published in the transactions of some Society in New York.

Some seventy years ago a ship appeared in the offing of Block Island. (I give the story now as I heard it first. It has a variety of shades, as all such legends have, and is told in fifty ways.) She was a noble vessel of war, with sky-scrappers set, and the islanders watched her till she disappeared in the gloom of night. She was then but a few miles distant, hove to, the wind blowing fresh from the west. As night thickened, they saw her lights gleaming on the water, but before midnight all was dark save one bright light in her rigging.

An Islander sat on the beach watching that light. He heard a voice, even at that distance, and the shrill whistle of the boatswain, but even as he heard it a dark cloud swept with the sea wind across the horizon and a dense mist, and hid the light from his view. Fifteen minutes might have passed and again the light was visible. At the instant that his eye caught it a sheet of flame rose from the deck of the vessel and every spar and rope gleamed against the cloud. In a moment the watcher started from the beach and alarmed the inhabitants, and they gathered on the shore and watched the flames as they leaped along the spars of the noble ship. A half hour passed and no boat left the land to assist the crew of the burning vessel, but doubtless they had by this time taken to their boats. The wind had entirely lulled, and when the tall thin spire of flame caught the sail which had been fluttering on the main royal, there was not air enough moving to break off the spar, but it burned to a thin line of fire, and then crumbled and fell in a shower of coals. At this moment the eye of an islander saw a strange commotion in the clouds which were lit up by the blaze of the burning ship, and beyond her, out in the offing, the foam leaped from the crests of the waves, showing that a squall was coming.

On it came, tearing up the sea before it, whirling the clouds into all fantastic shapes and driving the spray like a white wall of water on, till it reached the blazing ship. Away to leeward flew flakes of fire and streams of flame, and burning rigging and bright gleaming spars. An instant the gallant vessel staggered and bowed to the tempest, then flew like a fire bird swiftly towards the shore. It was a fearful sight, that mass of fire and flame bounding over the ocean. An awe fell on all that saw it, and the watchers on the surf-beaten shore sat silently side by side and fixed their affrighted gaze on the phantom-like ship that swept shoreward in such magnificent array. No thought now of the spoils of the wreck, no thought of the lives of gallant men, no thought of anything but that frightful vision that seemed to be a curse of God, a bolt from his hand flying on toward the island.

Five, ten minutes might she have been plying thus before the gale, and had neared the island within but a short distance, when suddenly she stopped, or seemed to stop in her wild flight. There was a flash, blinding and fierce as the lightning of heaven, a thousand brilliant spars and burning timbers filled the air, and deep darkness, the very blackness of darkness settled on the sea. Ten times had the heart of the watcher on the rock sent the blood through his trembling body, when a sound came over the sea that shook the island as it never shook in the surf-thunder.

From that day to this the Block Islanders have believed that they see the spectral ship in stormy nights, and that its coming foretells some disaster. One and all believe it as they believe there is an ocean, and I have seen many of them, young and old, who say they have seen it. I have become satisfied myself that they do see something strange in the mist. Persons from the main land who have come here to make an examination, say that they saw it distinctly, and if you wish to forfeit all respect of a Block Islander, express a doubt of the truth of the apparition, and you are set down as unworthy of attention. Whether the vision be a strange confirmation of the mists, owing to peculiar currents of air or not, and if so, what the cause of those currents can be, I leave you to imagine. I heard an old man say he had seen it often, every spar and rope and timber being distinct and bright, and that he had watched it a half hour at a time, as it lay rolling in the offing.

Jour. Com.

Latest Intelligence.

THE QUEEN'S SPEECH.

Prorogation of Parliament.—The Queen in person prorogued Parliament on the 23 ult. The following is her speech:—

My lords and Gentlemen:

I have much satisfaction in being able to release you from the duties of a laborious and anxious session. I cannot take leave of you without expressing my greatest sense of the assiduity and zeal with which you have applied yourselves to the consideration of the public interests.

Your attention has been principally directed to the measures of immediate relief, which a great and unprecedented calamity rendered necessary.

I have given my cheerful assent to those laws which, by allowing the free admission of grain, and by affording facilities for the use of sugar in breweries and distilleries, tend to increase the quantity of human food, and to promote commercial intercourse.

I rejoice to find that you have in no instance proposed new restrictions,

or interfere with the liberty of foreign or internal trade, as a mode of relieving distress. I feel assured that such measures are generally ineffectual, and, in some cases, aggravate the evils for the alleviation of which they are adopted.

I cordially approve of the acts of large and liberal bounty by which you have assuaged the sufferings of my Irish subjects. I have also readily given my sanction to a law to make better provision for the permanent relief of the destitute in Ireland. I have likewise given my assent to various bills calculated to promote the agriculture and develop the industry of that portion of the United Kingdom. My attention shall be directed to such further measures as may be conducive to those salutary purposes.

My relations with foreign powers continue to inspire me with confidence in the maintenance of peace.

It has afforded me great satisfaction to find that the measures which, in concert with the King of France, the Queen of Spain, and the Queen of Portugal, I have taken for the Pacification of Portugal, have been attended with success; and that the civil war, which for many months had afflicted that country, has at last been brought to a bloodless termination.

I indulge the hope that future differences between political parties in that country may be settled without an appeal to arms.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons—

I thank you for your willingness in granting me the necessary supplies; they shall be applied with due care and economy to the public service.

I am happy to inform you that, notwithstanding the high prices of food, the revenue has, up to the present time, been more productive than I had reason to anticipate. The increased use of articles of general consumption has chiefly contributed to this result. The revenue derived from sugar, especially, has been greatly augmented by the removal of the prohibitory duties on foreign sugar.

The various grants which you have made for education in the United Kingdom will, I trust, be conducive to the religious and moral improvement of my people.

My Lords and Gentlemen—

I think proper to inform you that it is my intention immediately to dissolve the present Parliament.

I rely with confidence on the loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the free institutions of this country, which animate the great body of my people. I join with them in supplication to Almighty God that the dearth by which we have been afflicted, may, by the Divine blessing, be converted into cheapness and plenty.

A painful sensation has taken place in the money market since the departure of the last steamer, and which in a greater or less degree has affected every branch of trade and manufactures. For some days the funds have been in a very unsettled state; and though speculation has not gone to the extent which it was apprehended it would, the financial condition of the country may be said to be in a state of the most painful uneasiness.

The Manchester business has for the last few days been of a very limited character, and if the monetary embarrassment continues, increased distress will be the inevitable consequence. Although the funds were in a state of unusual fluctuation last week, they have this week opened with greater firmness—but how long that position will be maintained, it is hard to predict.

Consols on Monday opened at 88 5-8 a 3 for money from which they advanced to 88 4 a 7-8, in consequence of the fall in the corn market. In the course of the day, the Bank of England announced an increased scale of discounts, which caused an immediate fall of 1-2 per cent., from which at the close of business, there was no rally. The last money price was 88 1-4 a 3-8; but for account they opened at 89 a 1-2—from which they receded to 88 5-8 a 3-4. Bank stock left off at 196 1-2 a 198. There was no material change yesterday.

Packet Ships.—Arrived.—The Royal Mail steamer Caledonia arrived in the Mersey on the morning of the 28th July—on the 20th, Chaos, Wilson—21st, Garrick, Trask—23d, Glenmore, Clark; Sardinia, Crocker—29th, Montezuma, Lowber.

Parliament has been dissolved, and the new elections are proceeding vigorously. So far as the returns have been made, they show a complete triumph of free trade principles. Lord John Russell, who will form the new Cabinet, has been re-elected for the city of London.

The prospects of the harvest continue highly encouraging, and everywhere promises a most abundant yield. It has already been begun in several of the Southern counties. The crops of wheat, oats and barley, are universally healthy; and the *potatoes*, notwithstanding all that has been said about the re-appearance of the disease of last year, is affected but to a very insignificant extent. The same is the case in Ireland.

Famine and disease are rapidly vanishing in Ireland, but by a strange anomaly, outrage still continues rife.

The accession of the prelacy, priesthood, and gentry of the country, to the old Ireland party, are large, and the weekly contributions steadily increase. It is expected that a large proportion of Repealers will be returned to the Imperial Parliament at this election.

The remains of Mr. O'Connel were embarked at Birkenhead, for Dublin, on Sunday, where they arrived the following day.

Several heavy failures have occurred in the corn trade, and many others of a serious character are apprehended.

A distinguished literary amateur performance for the benefit of that child of genius, Leigh Hunt, was given at Liverpool on Wednesday. The principal characters were borne by Chas. Dickens, Douglass Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Cruikshank, Foster and Leech.

A formidable conspiracy of the most diabolical character has been detected at Rome. The object of the conspirators, who amounted to several hundreds, was to massacre the citizens, and remove the pope by force to Naples. Five Cardinals, with exalted civil and military officers, have been discovered to have been abettors.

Several sanguinary battles have been fought between the Russians and Circassians—the former being defeated with considerable loss.

Bulwer, the novelist, has been defeated in Lincoln, where he was a candidate for Parliament. Warren, also, author of "Ten Thousand a year," &c., was a candidate and was defeated.

Switzerland is threatened with a revolution. The Lander-a-bland, or Catholica League, have armed themselves, but are likely to be suppressed.

The Queen was expected to leave for Scotland in her own yacht on the 9th inst.

Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the London Times, is dead.

The London Atlas, speaking of the reported marriage of the Duke of Wellington and Miss Burdett Coutts, says:—"There is no longer any doubt that the preliminary engagements are nearly completed."

The Bank of England and the Money Market.—The Bank accounts for the week ending the 24th instant, indicate a decline in almost every item; the only exceptions being those of the rest, the unemployed notes, and seven day and other bills; the rest has increased £9,324; the unemployed notes, £147. 810; and the seven day and other bills, £16,885. The items of decrease are as follows:—Public deposits, £56,337; other deposits, £313,902; securities, (not public) £457,132; notes issued, £119,725. While the decrease in the aggregate amount of bullion is £148,503; the total quantity in store in both departments this week being £9,770,347, against £9,918,850 in the last return.

The following is the probable state of parties in the new Parliament. As compared with the last Parliament, it shows a loss of thirty-five to the Protectionists:

	Seats.
Already gained by Liberal from Protectionists.....	30
Lost by Liberals and gained by Protectionists.....	7
Absolute gain from Protectionists.....	—23
Gained by Liberals from Peelites.....	15
Lost by Liberals and gained by Peelites.....	10
Absolute gain from Peelites.....	—5
Total absolute gain of the Liberals on the borough elections.....	28
* If the Liberals gain upon the whole election, as we have supposed, 15 seats from the Peelites and 35 seats from the Protectionists, the numbers will then stand thus:—	
Liberals.....	333
Peelite.....	97
Protectionists.....	228
Total.....	658

This would give the Liberals a majority of eight over the two sections of Conservatives. This, we are convinced, is not far from the result which will be arrived at; and we should not be much surprised to find, instead of a majority on any side, an exactly even division of the House of Commons.

Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel were returned as usual, and it is confidently affirmed that Peel will enter into alliance with Lord John Russell, who is to be raised to the peerage, and to conduct the business of government in the upper house, whilst Sir Robert resumes the leadership of the Commons.

Death of John Walter, Esq.—This respected gentleman, who has been chief proprietor of the *Times* newspaper since 1803, and the exclusive manager of that mighty journal up to a late period, expired on the 28th ult., at Printinghouse-square. We shall here avoid allusion to the political sentiments of Mr. Walter, or to his opinions on the poor laws, which he advocated at such an enormous expense; we feel satisfaction, however, that the mental anxieties and bodily pain which he suffered during the last few months of his life, were in some degree alleviated by the acknowledgment of the Legislature, that his views of the necessity of mitigating their severity were in main correct. But it is rather as the founder of the *Times*, or, at least, the architect of the great journal of the present day, that we should regard him; and, to illustrate this point, we have rummaged amongst our literary treasures, and have incidentally disinterred a copy of the *Times* of Thursday, January 5, 1792, fifty-five years ago! As veracious historians, we are compelled to state that the price was only four pence! The same "heading and typical embellishment" which are the distinguishing features of the present *Times* are to be seen in the copy, No. 2195, now before us, which in the infancy of journalism in 1792, only reached one-sixth part of the dimensions of the *Times* of yesterday. No. 19,616; and the *Times* of the present day actually contains twelve times more "letter-press" than the publication of 1792.

ITALY.—A conspiracy against the Papal Government has been discovered at Rome, which was to have taken place on the 17th, the anniversary of the amnesty. Paid agents were to have created an alarm among the multitude assembled on the occasion, and to have thrown daggers at the feet of the soldiers to induce a belief that it was intended to murder them. Fifty malefactors were to have been let loose from the prisons into the Piazza del Popolo, shortly after the fireworks, in order to occasion confusion. The popular chief Cicerruacchio discovered the whole on the 15th. The people immediately demanded the suspension of the feast, and the Pope having ordered the immediate armament of the National Guard, upwards of 2000 of the most respectable citizens applied to the authorities for arms, and succeeded in maintaining public tranquility. Cardinal Ferretti was to dismiss and exile Monsignor Grasselini, the Governor of Rome, allowing him only twenty-four hours to quit the city. M. Grasselini opposed no resistance, and instantly set out for Naples.

The Peers of France have completed their vindication of the law against the corruptor of M. Teste, M. Pellapra, who has been condemned to the payment of a fine of 10,000 francs and the forfeiture of his civil rights. In the case of the unhappy M. Teste, his punishment is not unlikely to terminate his life, serious apprehensions being entertained of the fatal effects of an abscess formed on the chest where struck by the pistol shot in his insane attempt at suicide. Reiterated attacks have been made upon other members of the cabinet, who are charged with corrupt acts, one of which is made the subject of an action for libel; and so serious had popular discontent become, that it was apprehended some general disturbance would break out on the celebration of the "fetes" of the revolution of July. All however passed off quietly, and the Bourse recovered from the panic which had agitated its members, partly on these accounts, but principally owing to the heavy fall of rain, and of the temperature at the beginning of last week, which threatened the prospects of the harvest. The weather had become mild and warm, and new wheat of very superior quality, has been brought into the market, and sold at 38f. the hectolitre.

The Chambers completed their debates on Saturday, the 24th ult., but the transaction of the formal business of the session will occupy the upper house chiefly until the 11th inst. Marshal Soult is to retire from the cabinet, on account of age, and it is now settled that Gen. Bugeaud will undertake the Ministry of War.

Switzerland.—On the 27th ult. at Berne, was installed the new "Swiss Popular Association," and its objects are avowed to be threefold—first, the expulsion of the Jesuits; second, the dissolution, by main force, of the Sonderbund, or league of the seven cantons; and third, a revision of the federal compact. A committee is to sit at Berne, charged with the execution of the decrees

of this association. The existence of such an association, in the presence of the Sonderbund, is calculated to lead to a civil war in two ways—either by its own actions, or, by forcing the diet to carry its own decrees into execution.

The Helvetic of the 29th ult., announces that the French government had determined not to support the Sonderbund, and that the league of the seven cantons is consequently about to be dissolved.

The women of the Sonderbund have formed themselves into a military body, amounting in number to 672. They carry muskets or carbines, have officers, passwords, and, in fact, a complete military organization.

The state of affairs in China was still unsatisfactory. Up to the 23d May, when the last accounts left Canton, all business remained suspended, and fresh disturbances were anticipated. The mob had menaced the governor Keying, for his recent concession to foreigners, and threatened to burn his palace, if he attempted to give effect to the terms of the late treaty; especially so far as regarded a concession to the English of adequate lands for dwellings, warehouses, &c., on the Honan side of the river, a site for the erection of a church in the vicinity of the present factories, and space for the formation of a cemetery at Wampa. Mr. Pope who had been appointed to inspect the grounds for these purposes, had been obliged to abandon the attempt. Under these circumstances, a fresh expedition against Canton was expected. The Pluto was stationed opposite the British factory, and the Scout was ordered to approach as near as possible to the city.

BELGIUM.—It is stated that King Leopold has abandoned all thoughts of abdicating the crown. Louis Philippe and his daughter hope, according to the opinion of his medical attendants, that the mild influence of autumn, joined to the efforts of the faculty, will, in restoring health to the body, operate a change into the state of the royal patient.

RUSSIA AND CIRCASSIA.—The authorities of St. Petersburg have just received a report of the operations in the Caucasus, which opens with an account of the failure of the storming of the fortified village of Gengebil, in Daghestan, on the part of the Russians. Count Woronzow himself led the attack, which consisted of ten battalions of infantry, several divisions of dragoons, cossacks, and militia. The encounter is described as sanguinary in the extreme. The mountaineers permitted the Russian troops to come close to the walls before they opened their fire, and when the latter had forced their way into the interior of the village, they found unlooked for obstacles; for example, "lodgements" concealed in the earth, from which a deadly fire was discharged, fortified caverns, dwellings which were covered with sham roofs, and which gave way beneath the besiegers, who clambered upon them and fell upon the swords of the Murides.

On the 20th ult., Mr. Brotherton, in the House of Commons moved, "that Her Majesty will be graciously pleased to direct that there be laid before the House a copy of the letter from the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Her Britannic Majesty's Minister at Washington, acknowledging the donations in food and money of the Legislature and Citizens of the United States of America for the relief of the famine in Ireland." He then referred to the large amount of provisions, which he valued at £169,000, sent by America, and to the zeal and promptitude which marked the donation. He was followed by Lords Palmerston and Morpeth.

Lord Palmerston.—I have very great pleasure in acquiescing in and supporting the motion of my honorable friend. The only regret I can feel on the occasion is that although the despatch for which he has moved, expresses in strong terms the feelings of her Majesty's Government and the feelings which we believe animate the whole of the British nation, still I am sensible that no terms which could have been employed by me could adequately convey the feelings of thankfulness and admiration which the conduct of our brethren in the United States must have excited amongst all classes of her Majesty's subjects. As my honorable friend has stated, not only was the supply sent, large, liberal, and generous in amount, but the manner in which it was sent, the promptitude with which it was forwarded, and the strong feeling of interest which was expressed on the part of all those who had contributed to that supply, were more almost than could possibly be expected on the part of persons who, however united to us in origin, and bound to us by every tie of language and religion, of manners and habits, still, being separated by a mighty expanse of ocean, could not be animated perhaps by the same extent of sympathy by which our brethren in the United States have been so honorably distinguished.

I agree with my honorable friend that transactions of this nature are calculated to cement in the strongest manner those ties which ought to unite kindred nations, and it is this circumstance which ought not to be lost sight of,—that while on the one hand acts of generosity such as these bind and rivet the affections of those upon whom they have been conferred, on the other hand they tend, by the very exercise which accompanies them of good and kindly feelings, to increase the affection of those by whom they are done towards those who have been the objects of those generous acts. And therefore, Sir, both in regard to the feelings which those actions proclaim in America, I am happy to think that, whatever may have been the sufferings and calamities which gave rise to these acts, at all events they have afforded to our brethren in the United States an opportunity of doing that which will never be forgotten by the people of this country, and, I hope, for a long time, will increase the good feeling of the people of the United States towards their brethren in this country. [Cheers.]

Lord Morpeth said, as he had had very peculiar opportunities of noticing the warmth of feeling which existed in every part of the Union towards the inhabitants of this, which they call "the old" country, he could not help declaring his participation in the feelings of satisfaction and thankfulness expressed by the honorable member and by his noble friend. It was impossible to overrate the strength of those feelings, evinced by the warmth of sympathy which had been called forth in America, and by the liberal and substantial tokens which had accompanied it, and which, he trusted, would be considered to be amply acknowledged by the despatch of his noble friend. But he was not sorry that, before Parliament rose, feelings such as those expressed by the honorable members had found a vent within the walls of that House. He had received letters recently from New York, describing the measures taken there for securing the health and comfort of the destitute emigrants from this country, and at Boston an island had been set apart for, and appropriated to hospitals. He believed that the same kindly spirit prevailed all over the Union, from Maine to New Orleans, and although occasionally causes of soreness and subjects of altercation would unavoidably arise between the two countries, as between other nations, the touchstone of calamity was only wanting to call forth at all times whatever was most generous and kind in our nature. He bore with pleasure his testimony to the value of those feelings which the calamities of Ireland had elicited in America. (Hear, hear.)

BIRTH.—At Brooklyn, L. I., on Sunday, the 8th inst., the lady of Henry Jessop, Esq., of a Daughter.

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6 a $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1847.

The Steam-ship *Cambria* arrived at Boston on Wednesday evening. She brings farther news of the fall of Agricultural produce, and of the *tightness* of the money market. These are the principal subjects, except the dissolution of Parliament, which was a matter of course expected. We see it confirmed (as we supposed it would be) that Sir Robert Peel will join his great talents to the administration, and will probably have charge of the Commons. In fact he would be measurably lost in the other house.

The two extracts which were given in the last number of the *Anglo American*, and which were from publications which are deemed popular in this country, are rather against the notion that England was unfair in action against Denmark in 1801; for they not only shew that the latter country had time enough and to spare given her to prepare for consequences which *she knew* were likely to befall her, and actually *she did so prepare herself*, and the action was very severe; so much so that the indomitable Nelson himself admits that it was the hardest he had ever fought in his life. We have two or three more accounts by us of the same tendency, among the rest, *Alison's*, but we know not how it is, a reputation, which really should not exist, that he is sometimes partial and uncandid, has found way here among critics, and therefore we have abstained from bringing him forward, but we give *Thiers*, the Frenchman, and surely, if he could give the affair a good countenance he would do so, and therefore we believe that the question of 1801 is not very bad for the English Government, particularly, as *we know* that the Danes themselves do not entertain any animosity at the battle which then took place. We come to the conclusion, therefore, that the English squabble against the Danes, as conducted by Nelson in 1801, is plain enough to the credit of the former.

The affair of 1807 is somewhat different from that of 1801, though more in condition than in fault, and needs to be considered more upon principle and less upon bare facts, than can be endured from the actual appearance of the case.

It is well known that almost in our very nature, after the preservation of ourselves, as human beings, individually, we are inclined to try our utmost to preserve our national integrity, and that we are content to suffer great hardships, and endure many and great indignities, rather have to submit to that greatest and most humiliating sufferance, of being no longer a *nation* upon the face of the earth. We know that Bonaparte, in the very early part of his career, offered his service and his sword to the English; but his pretences were not relied upon to their full height by that country; and his subsequent determination to wrest the English off, as a people, from the face of the earth, terminated in his own confusion and the rising of that people to be one of the highest importance in the world. We know, also, that seldom is there a public event concocted—leave alone performed—from pure motives *only*, in almost every instance there is more or less of expediency mingled in the operative course; hence, as reasoning beings, the English Government saw, at the time—even if we admit, for the moment, that they were not, in strict justice, authorised to interfere with the state of things, where is the people, in the *whole world*, who would not, seeing as they could not but do which was the irresistible consequence of letting things take their course. A chess-player who has moved his hand from the piece, remains, of necessity, helpless, until the opposite player shall play his game. But England was in no such condition, as a French writer shall prove. This writer was in the closest confidence of his master, Bonaparte, at the time, and *he* admits the secret article of the treaty at Tilsit, which is doubted of, if we are to understand the expression in the morning paper of this city, which we quote in this article, but which was better known to the English Government than the world gives credit for, and upon which all the events of the war with Denmark in 1807 were founded.

"The second, even more lawless attack on Copenhagen, was in 1807, led by Lord Cathcart in command of the army, and Lord Gambier in command of the navy.

"The Albion says the secret articles of the treaty of Tilsit furnished the motive and justification of the attack. To which it may be replied, that neither the declaration of the commander of the forces to the Danes, nor the royal speech which communicated the event to Parliament, refer to these secret articles. This was an after-thought. The assault was one of the very wantonest of wanton power.

"A most powerful fleet was despatched against Denmark, then in profound peace with Great Britain, and with almost all her efficient military force stationed on the island of Holstein, to make head against the French, in case, from the Continental side, they should attempt to force Denmark into co-operation with France.

"While thus faithfully intent, to all appearances, upon maintaining her neutrality, Denmark was peremptorily required by an overwhelming British fleet to place, as a deposit, in the dock-yards of England, all her naval force, amounting to some sixteen or eighteen ships of the line, and a proportionate number of frigates, for fear they should fall into the hands of the French, and be used against Great Britain. This most unwarranted demand upon an independent nation was of course declined; and then the whole fury of war was let loose by the *moral and Christian* English nation upon the capital city of the State. Copenhagen, with its ancient chamber, its numerous population, its libraries, its hospitals, its beautiful public and private buildings, were subject to bombardment. Its batteries were destroyed, its fleet captured, its streets inundated with the blood of women and children. 'From the 2d Sept., in the morning, to the 5th Sept., in the evening,' says a Copenhagen English writer, 'the city was kept in flames till a large part of it was destroyed and the whole was

threatened with ruin,' until at length the Danish commander sent off a flag to treat for a surrender. Seven thousand lives were destroyed and more than 400 houses.

"In re-establishing our accuracy, therefore, as to the fact that Lord Nelson led the attack on Copenhagen, we have been obliged to bring into view a double intrigue upon Denmark committed by Great Britain, each committed upon suspicion and in time of peace, and in violation alike of the laws of nations and the precepts of humanity and religion."

In a case of necessity—and here, in every view of the case, was a stern necessity—the greatest of writers on the laws of nations is on the side of the English state of the case; but the latter were not only palliated but even justified in the course they pursued; and although it is to be regretted that the Danes were treated with so little ceremony, yet the state of events would not admit of any other; and before this they have learned that not any other course could have been pursued either for their own sakes or for that of England.

That they were rancorous in proportion to their previous respect for England, may be surmised; and indeed such was the case until the close of the war in 1815; but we are of opinion that the matter has since been coolly considered in the Danish Cabinet, and nothing now remains of the animosity which bad disposition may endeavour to raise up.

Abundance has been written upon this point (which took place forty years ago) and might be here urged, but a little is enough where the candid reader is contemplating; and even so much is too little where there is a previous determination not to be convinced. Be such as it may, we give in our columns what we believe to be sufficient to place the Danish and English transactions in their true light. And we beg to observe, that in this last event, like that in the time of the immortal Nelson, time was given to the Danes (and which they acted upon) to make all their preparations, before the action took place, and the firing took place *against the English* before the latter had made a really hostile demonstration. If there was truly any breach of the "laws of nations," the aggressors were the people of Denmark, who seemed ready and willing to fight. Gambier got his peerage for his conduct in this affair.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—On Wednesday evening Mrs. Bishop took her benefit, and made her last appearance of this engagement. If anything were necessary to settle the difference of opinion which has kept musical criticism on the quivere, that night ought to settle it; for the house was a bumper, and she exhibited the very greatest variety in her singing and in her roulades and artistic embellishments. There cannot be a doubt in the mind of every *candid* critic, that she is the best singer (taking the entire of her performance into consideration) that ever came to this side of the Atlantic, *elquerie* notwithstanding, and notwithstanding the objections made by some who really are not judges. On Wednesday evening Mrs. Bishop gave, for her benefit, parts of "The Maid of Artois," "Il Barbier de Siaglia," "Anna Bolena," "Linda of Chamouni," and of "Tancredi." There were three commediettes played during the evening, which gave time for her to change her dresses, as all she did was in proper costume; and we think that never was such a bill presented and gone through with in the finest style, as that on the night of her benefit. She must have reserved her power for this trial, and certainly she soared to the very highest point of art, notwithstanding that she might, as we did not perceive, make, occasionally, a flat 7th or sharp 9th. Rightly has Sterne said that "Of all the cantings that are used in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be the most deceiving, yet the cant of criticism is the most tormenting." It is as bad as the criticism on Garrick speaking the soliloquy "Oh, against all rule, most ungrammatical, for between the substantive and the adjective," &c. Bah! It is too contemptible. Then, again, we are told by another, who speaks from his own *experience* in criticism, that there are invariable rules, which cannot be violated or departed from with impunity. He surely does know (although we acquit him of musical demonstration) that there has been a contrariety in critical judgment of every description, ever since the earliest days of written criticism itself, and that prejudice against, or predilection for, a person or thing is apt to warp even the coolest judgment. The task would really be too hard for us to discriminate in the singing of Wednesday evening; it was all exquisite, and there was very frequently thrown on the stage that evening a bouquet of the finest and most elegant flowers. By-the-bye, we may say, as was said of her recently, that if one florist had to serve all the bouquets and wreaths which are thrown to her, he would make a pretty fortune out of it. If anything is to be said of particular singing, we would say, that in her "O Patria—Di tanti palpiti," she very much indeed pleased us, by her artistic singing, and less pleased us in the quality of her voice, which is of a very high soprano, whereas the genius of the composer requires much more of the contralto than she can give; even the tenor is good in this, which is its natural scope. She was loudly encored, and sang again "Una voce," "On the Banks of the Guadalquivir," "De tanti palpiti." She was vehemently called out when she had played the part in "Anna Bolena," and again at the drop of the curtain. If we have any influence in Boston, to which place she is gone—and we flatter ourselves with some—we recommend Mrs. Bishop as a fine model of vocal excellence, and one of the very first singers in the world at present; and we venture to assure them that they will express high gratification every time they assist at her performances, which we hope will not be attended with hypercriticism there.

On Thursday evening Mr. Anderson made his appearance here, as Macbeth, in Shakspeare's play. The part was well given by him, but, to our disappointment it is not much of an improvement. The Lady Macbeth was played by Mrs. Jones, and is too lofty a conception for her, she cannot at all do it justice.

Bowery Theatre.—Mrs. Shaw is playing an engagement here to full houses. This actress is decidedly the best now on this side of the Atlantic who undertakes to play the female high rank of Drama. She reads well, and she pronounces well; we wish she were not quite so fond of the Sheridan Knowles' school. The principal defect in Mrs. Shaw is, that the manner of the countenance does not correspond always with the speech of the dialogue or of the part which she has to sustain; therefore, one comes almost to the conclusion that it is more like to the utterance of a written part than any movement of the spirit or the entering at once into a personation. And yet that would be an erroneous conclusion, for she well understands the character she plays, and repeats better than she looks the part she has to play.

Chatham Theatre.—This house has of late been well frequented in consequence of Mr. and Mrs. Brougham having played an engagement there, which is now drawing to a conclusion; but we think that the gentleman at least should take a better stand in his profession.

Castle Garden.—The comical Holland and the very, very good actor, Walcot have been playing here with success. M. Villarino, the conductor of the Havana group, has undertaken, with his troupe, to play a biographies here, and began on Wednesday night. We have not yet been to visit them, but the list contains very good names.

Palmo's Theatre.—The Ravels have begun their farewell engagement, and are playing to really crowded houses; but they are favorites, and their old pieces are still in full blast, just as if they had been newly brought out.

Literary Notices.

Howitt's Tales for the Young, in Prose.—Everything of this class that has proceeded from the pen of Mary Howitt, has won golden opinions, and we need therefore only announce the publication of the above from the press of Harper & Brothers.

Dr. Traill's New Illustrated Josephus.—The third part of Harper's edition of this classic edition of the Jewish chronicler is now ready for subscribers. The engraved illustrations in this new part are very superior and numerous, and the merit of the beautiful translation is already well known. It is a truly valuable work, and we suppose it is, as it deserves to be, universally patronized.

Godwin's History of Necromancy, &c..—This is a cheap reprint of a well-remembered work published some fifteen years ago or more—new, however, to most readers of the present day, and well worthy of a perusal; it abounds in most curious interest.

Miss Pardoe's Court of Louis XIV.—Part 4 of this fascinating production has just appeared from the press of Harper & Brothers. It introduces the second volume, and is accompanied by a full-length portrait of the renowned Court favorite and beauty, Madame de Maintenon, who was the reigning goddess at that illustrious Court for the time, and swayed more than the destinies of royalty. Miss Pardoe has given us in these Memoirs a most delightful treat.

The Iron Chest: By George Colman the younger. New York, Berford & Co.—Without knowing, or indeed caring to what part of Dramatic Literature this should be assigned, we are all disposed to like it, and it has been played to exhibit the talents of many a histrion. It is a little of "The Monk," has a little of comedy, and something of opera. Stephen Storace wrote some music for it, and all his music is too good for the stage, and it has been by degrees removed, till the greater part is the music of different composers. A very pretty and graceful quartette by Atwood now graces the opening, called "Five times by the taper's light." The publishers have included this in their valuable series called "Modern Standard Drama."

Chambers' Cyclopaedia of English Literature. No. 15. New York, Burgess & Co., also Berford & Co.—This is the last number but one of this invaluable work; and were it not that, like like all curious persons, we are anxious to see the end, we should feel almost sorry that it is so near a finish for it is a very capital publication, and we hear it spoken of in superlative terms by all whom we know that have taken it; and it well deserves the character of goodness which it has obtained.

Chambers' Miscellany of Entertaining Knowledge. Part 1. New York, Berford & Co.—The word "Chambers" would sell this work of itself, but it is a good one, and just comes in time to take the place of the above, which is all but finished. The story of "Picciola" is, of itself, worth more than the price of the book.

Tales in Verse: By Mary Howitt. New York, Harpers.—This is a very acceptable present to young persons, written by an authoress of the highest reputation, and equally worthy the gift and the acceptance.

Cromwell, Vol. II. New York, Harpers.—This is the writing of an accomplished scholar, who has now become identified with American Literature, he having for many years lived here. This is a new edition of a well known work.

Pictorial History of England, No. 28. New York, Harpers.—This work has an extensive and well-deserved reputation; and it is, indeed, the history of the *People*, as well as of the Wars and the Politics of the country.

Story of the Battle of Waterloo: By Rev. G. R. Gleig. New York, Harpers.—This story, which, we see by the title-page, is "revised by the Duke of Wellington," is by one who is well respected by the world of literature, who was a man of war (a soldier) before he became a man of peace.

(a religious minister), and who expresses himself desirous of giving a fair account of this battle, rather than of gathering any of author's laurels thereby. This work will be much inquired for.

Cricketers' Chronicle.

SYRACUSE CRICKET CLUB vs. UTICA CRICKET CLUB.

A match has been played by these two Clubs; but, from the report in the Utica "Daily Gazette," we know not how the particulars stand towards each other. After reading it carefully, we presume the following to be nearly the fact. It has been settled for one day's play, and, if not got entirely through, to be decided by the first innings. If that were the case, then Syracuse had the best of it. We believe, from the report before us, that Utica went in first, and made 63 runs, and that after these Syracuse made 89 runs. Then Utica, at the second innings of that party, made 91 runs (bravo, Utica) in all 154 runs; that Syracuse then went in for their second innings, and when they had made 19 runs (in all 108 runs) sun-down was called, no person was out on the Syracuse second innings, and they were the winners of the first innings. Of course we cannot say that this was the case, but so it reads to our understanding.

However this be, great praise is due to both parties; and they give evident exhibition that the exercise in these places is much encouraged, and is rapidly gaining popularity as well as skill amongst them. Syracuse was beaten a few years ago by the St. George's Club; they were afterwards beaten by a Brooklyn Club; but, instead of giving the matter up, in a cowardly manner, they have stuck to it, like genuine cricketers, and have beaten the same Brooklyn Club, and subsequently, if we read aright, the Utica Club; and there are spirits among them which will cause them to become a very formidable Club. One of them is a good Sheffield player, afterwards in the St. George's Club of this city, and is now a hard one to play against every where, and these are several who come from the Kentish and other Cricket counties of England. The Utica Club is quite a young one; this is their first contest, and the score speaks well of them. They are content to win or lose upon their own play, and do not make saving clauses of barring or otherwise, which they may freely save their credit, but "come up to the scratch" like really hearty Cricketers, and stand or fall by their own merits and experience. And neither of these Clubs ever play for stakes; we respect them for that.

The following seems to be about the mode and score: we quote, with alterations, from the aforesaid paper:

UTICA.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.		
W. Foster,	b. Drew.....	12	b. Pearson.....	6
J. Hackett,	b. do.....	8	run out.....	12
G. Ralph,	run out.....	16	c. Playford.....	13
C. Smith,	do.....	7	b. Drew.....	5
O G. Kellogg,	not out.....	2	b. do.....	0
T. Dimon,	c. Hambrook..	0	c. Oliver.....	6
S. Vines,	b. Drew.....	3	b. Pearson.....	35
G. N. Beesley,	b. do.....	3	hit wicket.....	1
J. Lindley,	b. do.....	2	not out.....	6
F. Martin,	b. do.....	5	b. Pearson.....	0
G. Stephens,	b. Pearson.....	3	b. do.....	0
Wide balls.....	0			
Bye balls.....	2			
		63		91

SYRACUSE.

FIRST INNINGS.		SECOND INNINGS.	
J. Drew,	run out.....	29	
J. Playford,	c. Kellog.....	0	
P. Oliver,	c. ".....	11	
T. Munn,	c. Vines.....	18	
H. Pearson,	run out.....	2	
C. Henson,	not out.....	3	
R. Hambrook,	b. Foster.....	7	
J. Pearson,	b. Smith.....	0	
W. Durant,	b. Foster.....	4	
S. French	b. do.....	5	
G. Bryant,	b. do.....	2	
Wide balls.....	0		1
Bye Balls.....	8		1
		89	19

CRICKET ON ST. GEORGE'S GROUND ON 17th AUGUST, 1847.

We are not much in the wrong in classing the play upon the occasion to which we now allude as a match, for a match was advertised, and many of those who attended came in full expectation of playing what was termed the "best of the season." At 12 o'clock, however, there were not more than about half a score present, and as soon as the whole of the players amounted to fourteen, sides were chosen by two of the party present, whom we shall designate as Tinson's and Roberts' sides; and by degrees these were augmented as others came on the ground, and finally there were two entire sets. Upon the choice of innings, Tinson's side won the toss, and he put his own side in, and Winkworth and Bates took the bat against the bowling of Sams and Ticknor, and after the latter, Greatorex. The first innings was a hard played one, consisting of nearly 45 runs of 6 balls each, and was not finished till about half past 3; in which time, however, there was a cessation of about half an hour, to give time for a wicketkeeper's luncheon. The latter had the effect, nevertheless, of making a good cricketer lose "sight" of the ball, and he was bowled out by Ticknor as soon as he came back to take his bat again. We allude to Russell, who made six out of seven (one of which hits was a fine 3) before going to din-

ner; the consequence of such an attempt is generally fatal to the batsman. The entire of this innings was only 77; at the end of which, instead of taking the usual few minutes, Roberts' party took the bat; Roberts and Castles (the latter the respected President of the Montreal Club, who happened at the juncture to be in New York) commencing against the bowling of Weight, Winkworth, and Russell. By some misunderstanding, Roberts' party did not amount to more than nine men, and a young boy who this day made his debut as a cricketer. But he is the son of our excellent and acknowledged veteran Samuel Weight, and he gave good promise of being one day a good successor of his father. This innings lasted about 1.30, and about 26 runs were bowled for a score of 65, and had this side had 11 instead of 10 players, they would have almost if not quite, reached the first innings of the other party.

The fall of wickets was to the following effect: 1 wicket, 4 runs; 2 wickets, 16 runs; 3 wickets, 22 runs; 4 wickets, 45 runs; 5 wickets, 46 runs; 6 wickets, 47 runs; 7 wickets, 49 runs; 8 wickets, 64 runs; 9 wickets, 75 runs; and 10 wickets, 77 runs. This was the play of those who first went in; while the details of the second, or Roberts' were 1 wicket, 6 runs; 2 wickets, 31 runs; 3 wickets, 31 runs; 4 wickets, 42 runs; 5 wickets, 43 runs; 6 wickets, 52 runs; 7 wickets, 53 runs; 8 wickets, 59 runs; and 9 wickets, 65 runs. In each of these cases the chooser of each party was the wicket-keeper of his party, and when the two innings were played it was thought by many that the contest was decided.

But to "go on" was determined on, and nine of the first went in again, and played till "sun-down," in the course of which a few long hits were made, but the parties making them did not seem desirous to make runs with them; we allude particularly to Winckworth, who stepped in and played Sams' balls, which he hit away with certainty and without mercy, for the belief had got ground that Sams was not in good-humour, and there is never a feeling of mercy on such an occasion. At length "sun-down" put an end to the play, when the details were found to be 1 wicket, 1 run; 2 wickets, 3 runs; 3 wickets, no addition; 4 wickets, 45 runs; 5 wickets, no addition; 6 wickets, no addition; 7 wickets, 47 runs. Wright and Brown was not yet out, and Russell and Chapman had not taken the bat in hand on this innings.

There would not be any more of the play, and Tinson's party were considered the victors. Some of the best players mentioned in the advertisement did not come at all, and others came late in the day, so as to act as umpires. Such was the case with Groom, Green, Cuppage, &c. The following is the score of the game:

HINTON'S PARTY.		SECOND INNINGS.		
Winkworth,	b. Sams.....	10	b. Sams.....	26
Bates,	b. Ticknor, c.			
Marsh.....		2	b. do.....	0
Weight,	b. Sams, c.			
Greatorex.....		8	not out.....	3
Hinton,	b. Greatorex,			
c. Castles.....		10	b. Greatorex, c. Sams.....	10
Sutton,	b. Sams.....	5	b. do., c. do.....	0
White,	b. Ticknor, c.			
Castles.....		16	b. do., c. do.....	0
Bennett,	b. Greatorex..	0	b. Sams.....	1
Nichols,	b. do.....	0	b. Greatorex.....	2
Russell,	b. Ticknor....	7	not in.....	0
Brown,	b. do.....	2	b. Greatorex.....	1
Chapman,	not out.....	0	not in.....	0
Wide balls, Sams 1, Greatorex 3, Marsh 3.....		7	Sams 3, Greatorex 2.....	5
Byes.....		10		2
		77		50

ROBERTS' PARTY.

FIRST INNINGS.	
Roberts,	b. Winckworth,
c. Weight.....	4
Castles,	b. Weight, c.
do.....	18
Sams,	b. Winckworth. 10
Ticknor,	b. Russell.... 3
Marsh,	b. do. c. Hinton..... 4
Vyse,	b. Russell.... 9
Warner,	b. do..... 4
Greatorex,	b. Winckworth. 0
Taylor,	not out..... 3
Weight, Jr.,	b. Winckworth. 2
Wide balls, Weight 1, Winckworth 1.....	2
No balls, Russell.....	3
Byes.....	3
	65

* * * We understood, when on the St. George's Ground on Tuesday, that there is not much likelihood of the challenge against Canada for \$1500 being accepted. As regards Montreal itself, positively no! It is against their principle and rule, to practise the exercise for a stake. We are glad to hear this, for the game of Cricket is degraded by making, in any wise, a gambling speculation. It is too noble in itself to be lowered in that way. A contest for honour is more worthy of Cricket and of the players that such a motive is.

The Cricket Match between the Hamilton and Toronto Clubs was played on Tuesday last on the Hamilton ground, and terminated in favor of Toronto, who won the game with six wickets to go down.

Though in the early part of the day, the sun was scorchingly hot, and towards evening a slight shower of rain sprinkled the players, yet on the

whole the weather was pleasant and favorable. The wickets were pitched on the common in front of the residence of P. Hamilton, Esq. In former years this ground was perhaps the best in Canada, but of late, owing to the devastating march of improvement, it has become greatly cut up, and made almost too rugged for the purposes of Cricket. Next season the Club intend to either greatly improve the present ground, or select a new location.

In courtesy to their visitors, the Hamilton Club offered the Toronto men the choice of innings, and they accordingly determined to put the Hamilton players in first. After some steady play, in which the fine batting of Mr. C. Hale, shone conspicuous, the last wicket fell to a score of 55 runs, including 16 byes and wide balls. The Toronto side then took the bat, Messrs. Heward and Helliwell going in first. It will be seen by the score that both these gentlemen made a good innings, particularly the latter, who scored 36 from his own bat, and kept in from the first to the last—the total score of the Toronto eleven amounting to 75. In their second innings the Hamilton players scored 70—Messrs. C. Saddler and J. Hamilton having kept in together for a long time, and scoring, the one 14 and the other 15, before they could be parted, thus leaving Toronto to make 51 to win. As in the other innings, Messrs. Helliwell and Heward went in first, but not this time with the same success—the former losing his wicket to one of Sharp's best bailers without a run, and the latter succumbing to Hamilton after scoring 6. They were succeeded by Messrs. Alexander and Maddock, who speedily ran up the score to within seven of the number wanted, both batting in good style, until Mr. A., in trying a long hit, was cleverly caught by Mr. Gillespie. Mr. Tully having taken the vacant place, Mr. Maddock and he finished the game, each carrying out his bat—Toronto winning the match with 6 wickets to be down.

It is due to the Hamilton Club to say that they played exceeding well—their batting was steady, resolute, and of a kind likely to make runs where the bowling was at all of an inferior character—their fielding was also very good—and nothing but the really capital round bowling of Messrs. B. Parsons and French, who gave their "overs" in a style not often seen on this side of the Atlantic, prevented their making a much better score. The Hamilton Club has within it the material of excellence; and from what we have seen of their spirit, we venture to predict that they will speedily reach "the top of the tree." It is hardly "the thing" to praise our own Club—and if they deserve it we shall leave the task of doing them justice in other hands to perform. The result will, of course, tell its own story, and to that truth-telling record we accordingly refer all anxious inquirers.

It will be observed that a great number of byes, in all 33, were made by Hamilton, while Toronto only got 5. But this disproportion must not be attributed to any bad fielding on the part of the Toronto Long Stop, but to the much faster pace of the Toronto bowling, which, on such ground as that at Hamilton, made it most difficult to stop behind with success.

After the game was finished the Toronto Club and their friends were most hospitably entertained by the Hamilton gentlemen; and the united party sat down to an excellent repast prepared by Mr. Roach of Roach's Hotel. The evening was spent very pleasantly—the best of feeling animated both Clubs—the toast and the song went merrily round—and the Toronto Club took leave of their kind entertainers, highly delighted with the day's play, and with the attention that had been shown them by the Hamilton Club on the occasion of their visit. The return match will be played on the Toronto ground some day (probably Thursday,) next week. The following is the score:—

HAMILTON CLUB.

	FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.	
Sharpe, s Alexander, b. Parsons	5	run out.....	0
C. Hale, b. French.....	12	b. French	2
Gillespie, c. French, b. Parsons.	1	b. French	0
Bull, run out.....	5	b. Parsons	0
C. Saddler, c. French, b. Parsons	8	b. Parsons	14
D. Crooks, not out.....	2	c. Barber, b. Parsons.....	1
Bent, b. French	0	c. French, b. Parsons	0
Habbin, b. French.....	2	b. Helliwell	7
Wetenhall, run out	0	b. Parsons	4
Hamilton, b. French.....	4	c. Barber, b. Parsons	15
Beasley, b. Parsons	0	not out.....	4
Byes.....	13	Byes.....	17
Wide	3	Wide	6
Total	55	Total	70

TORONTO CLUB.

	FIRST INNINGS.	SECOND INNINGS.	
Heward, c. Saddler, b. Bent....	14	b. Hamilton.....	6
Helliwell, c. Sharp, b. Hamilton	36	b. Sharpe.....	0
Alexander, leg b. w	8	c. Gillespie, b. Sharpe	14
French, c. Habbin, b. Sharpe...	2	not out	18
Maddock, b. Hamilton.....	2	c. Wetenhall, b. Sharpe	9
Barber, c. Wetenhall, b. Sharpe	0	Byes.....	3
Brown, b. Sharpe.....	1	Total	51
Tully, c. Beasley, b. Bent.....	7		
Connolly, b. Sharpe	0		
Parsons, b. Bent.....	3		
Patrick, not out	0		
Byes	2		
Total	75		

Toronto Herald.

A lady complained that she was nearly thirty. A person, who knew that she was much older, replied, "Madam, every day removes you further from your complaint."

EDUCATION.

R. EV. R. T. HUDDART'S CLASSICAL SCHOOL will be re-opened, after the Summer Vacation, on Monday, September 6th.

TWO YOUNG LADS, from the age of 14 to 18, will be received as Private Pupils and Boarders. Terms may be known on application, either personally or by letter, at

22 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET,

(between University Place and Fifth Avenue.)

Aug. 21—41]

PIANOFORTE, SINGING, ETC.

A LADY eminently qualified, is desirous of teaching a few more pupils on the PIANO-FORTE and in SINGING; also the GUITAR. Pupils taught at their own or her residence. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply at No. 147 Chambers street.

[August 14]

BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

A VEGETABLE AND UNIVERSAL MEDICINE.

Ship Fever, Dysentery, etc., etc.—May not all sickness be a deficiency of some vital principle of the blood? Or, may not certain conditions be necessary to enable the blood to become the recipient of oxygen, so that its discolorizing power shall be sustained in full vigor? It is probably the want of these influences may be the occasion of "Ship Fever," and all fevers of the Typhoid character; and of Cholera Morbus and Dysentery diseases generally. In fact it may be only modifications of these same influences, which occasion all other diseases; showing the great probability of the unity of disease. The people should think of these things.

In "Ship Fever" the pulse ranges from 45 to 55 beats in a minute, and sometimes lower still; in such a state of the circulation, there must be constantly accumulating those particles which are analogous to those found in the dead body. And in all cases where the circulation is impeded, or where from any cause the blood is prevented from throwing off the usual quantity of carbon, we find that a Dysenteric stage supervenes, the bowels in these cases endeavoring to do the work of the lungs. Instead of astringents, nature should be assisted in endeavours to cleanse the system, and the blood, of these retained impurities. And unless this course is followed, there is no other condition for the body but death. It is in circumstances like these, that the "Brandreth Pills" are so important; because of their vitalizing qualities; because of their purifying powers; because, while they cleanse the system, they impart life; because they go at once to the seat of the disease and produce just the kind of action the body wants to strengthen and to save.

It may not be unwise to go into an inquiry respecting the originating causes of these contagious maladies. During the putrefaction of animal and vegetable bodies, certain substances are generated which act as deadly poisons to man; especially to the Caucasian, or white-skinned family of mankind. The exhalation of vapors from swamps, from grave-yards, and from all putrefactive material, and from large congregations of living beings confined in a small space for a considerable period, are known to hold in solution sulphuretted hydrogen. This gas is so deadly in its nature that one part only to five hundred parts of atmospheric air, is destructive, *is instant death*, to a white man. And herein is, perhaps, the reason of the great mortality to the white-skinned race on the shores of Africa. The time may not be distant, however, when an antidote may be used in the shape of Brandreth's Pills, and an outward application to the skin, which shall render the absorption less, nearer to what it is in the negro, which shall make those shores no more fatal than our own prairies to the pioneer of the West. Three or four hundred men are congregated in the hold of a ship, where thirty or forty only ought to be. The first effect is a want of vitality in the air; the second effect and a consequence of the first is, that exhalations arise from these now diseased human beings, which is charged with, say one part of sulphuretted hydrogen gas in two thousand parts of atmospheric air. The third result is a consequence of the two first; it is low fever, in those whose vital powers are weakest, and the causes continuing, the fever puts on a more decided typhoid character, until the peculiar symptoms seen in Camp, in Gaol and Ship Fevers, are fully established.

To prevent this disease on board ship, there must be less people congregated together; and greater care must be had to ensure cleanliness and thorough ventilation. Chloride of lime should be provided by the ship owners, which should be sprinkled about the hold daily.

Particular Symptoms of Ship Fever.—Lowness of spirits, foreboding of some calamity; pain in the small of the back; pain in the head; vertigo, and occasional vomiting; heavy pain on the right side extending upward to the nipple; the skin hot and dry; belly bound; stools, if any, dark color; tongue furred, sometimes mahogany colored; teeth covered with sores; great thirst; pulse from 40 to 55. These symptoms are the same as in Typhus Fever, except that the pulse in the latter is sometimes as high as 120 beats a minute in the first stage.

The Cure.—So soon as any of the above symptoms show themselves, immediately take four or six of Brandreth's Pills; they must be taken every few hours until they purge freely, and afterwards once or twice a day till the stools are of a natural color and odour, and the tongue clean. The pulse will be raised by this course and the strength improved. The same directions are applicable to dysentery, whether alone or a consequence of Ship Fever. In all dysenteric cases, or where the bowels are much affected, let gun water be drunk often. In this complaint, and in Ship Fever, and in all diseases in which Brandreth's Pills are used as the medicine, drink boneset, balm, catnip, or sage tea. These may be drank cold or hot. Cold always when preferred. Toast and water is also very good. It is important, however, that some of the above tea be drank.

In cholera morbus and dysentery, or cholitic, when there is great pain of the bowels, take two or three pills every few minutes with peppermint water, mint tea, or even brandy, until an operation is evidently procured from the pills; afterward the pain will soon moderate. And in a few hours, so great a change for the better will have taken place, as to be the occasion for great cause of thankfulness. The pills should be taken afterward every night for a few nights, say three or four going to bed, until health is fully restored.

A Prevention for all Contagious Diseases is found in Brandreth's Pills. For this purpose they should be used in doses sufficient to purge freely once or twice a week. They cleanse that out of the system on which the very miners of the contagion fixes itself. The bowels and blood are thus kept pure; Brandreth's Pills are truly the safety valve of Disease.

Free of Charge.—"Vegetable Purgation," a pamphlet of 18 pages, is given to all who will call for it, *free of charge*, at Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office, 241 Broadway, New York, where the Pills are sold at 25 cents per box, with full directions. Also, at 274 Bowery, 241 Hudson st., N. Y.; Mrs. Booth, 5 Market street, Brooklyn; 45 Atlantic street, South Brooklyn; James Wilson, Jersey City; J. S. Kenyon, Harlem; E. Wisner, corner Broad and Commerce streets, Newark; J. F. Randolph, New Brunswick, N. J.

N. B. There is no surity that you get Brandreth's Pills unless you purchase only of the duly authorized Agents.

Be careful of counterfeit Pills. All persons should be careful to purchase at Dr. Brandreth's office, or of the regular appointed agents. They would thus ensure themselves the genuine article, otherwise they may get a counterfeit, as a new one has recently been offered in this city.

[Aug. 21]

STATE OF NEW YORK, SECRETARY'S OFFICE, Albany, August 30, 1847.—To the Sheriff of the City and County of New York: Sir—Notice is hereby given, that at the next general election, to be held on the Tuesday succeeding the first Monday of November next, the following officers are to be elected, to wit:

STATE.—A Secretary of State, Comptroller, State Treasurer, Attorney General, State Engineer and Surveyor, Three Canal Commissioners, and Three Inspectors of State Prisons.

DISTRICT.—One Senator for the Third Senate District, consisting of the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards of the City of New York; One Senator for the Fourth Senate District, consisting of the Seventh, Tenth, Thirteenth and Seventeenth Wards of the said city; One Senator for the Fifth Senate District, consisting of the Eighth, Ninth and Fourteenth Wards of the said city; and One Senator for the Sixth Senate District, consisting of the Eleventh, Twelfth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Eighteenth Wards of the said city.

COUNTY.—Also the following officers for the said City and County, to wit:—Sixteen Members of Assembly—One to be elected in each Assembly District.

Yours, respectfully, N. S. BENTON, Secretary of State.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, New York, August 5th, 1847.—The above is published pursuant to the notice of the Secretary of State, and the requirements of the Statute in such case made and provided.

J. J. V. WESTERVELT, Sheriff of the City and County of New York.

OF— All the public newspapers in the county will publish the above once in each week until the election, and then hand in their bills for advertising the same, so that they may be laid before the Board of Supervisors, and passed for payment. See Revised Stat., vol. 1, chap. 6, title 3, article 3d, part 1st, page 140.

[Aug. 14]

vital principle,
blood to be
in full vigor?
, and all fe-
generally. In
these diseases;
think of these

sometimes lower
those particles
the circulation
off the usual
these cases en-
be assisted in
And unless
is in circum-
air vitalizing
system, they
the kind of

of these con-
n substances
or white-
e-yards, and
confined in a
ed hydrogen.
ospheric air,
ason of the
may not be
and an out-
that it is in
the pioneer
here thirty
second effect
human be-
sousand parts
fewer, in
on a more
d Ship Fe-

gether; and
ide of lime
d daily.
calamity;
ng; heavy
ly bound;
ered with
Typhus Fe-
in the first

y take four
freely, and
the tongue
ame direc-
In all dyn-
used as the
not. Cold
ever, that

wells, take
ndy, until
ate. And
cation for
ew nights,
s purpose
y cleanse
the bowels
.

who will
ew York,
very, 241
th Brook-
and Com-

Dr. Bran-
elves the
n offered
ug. 21

1847.—
given,
nt Mon-

General,
ctors of

rst, Se-
Se-
esting of
for the
uth and

—Six-

State.

1847.

the re-

ork.

in each

so that

revised

ig. 14.

TO LITERARY GENTLEMEN.

WANTED A PARTNER, either active or special, in a long established Literary Institution of high character. To any one having a capital of Five Thousand Dollars, this opportunity of investment presents advantages not often to be met with—references of the most satisfactory nature will be given. The profits will be from 25 to 30 per cent., and may be increased to much more. For particulars as to information where an interview may be had, apply, if by letter post-paid, to "Socius," at the office of the Anglo American—or to A. D. PATERSON, the editor of the same.

[Aug. 7-4t.]

MUSIC.—A LADY, possessing a full Soprano voice, is desirous of obtaining the situation of FIRST TREBLE in a Church. Apply, by note or personally, at No. 147 Chamber street.

[Aug 14—1m*]

GRAND COTILLION EXCURSION TO VAN COURTLANDT'S LANDING.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' FUND OF COLUMBIA LODGE, No. 16, U. A. O. D. THE THIRD ANNUAL EXCURSION of the above Lodge will take place on TUESDAY, AUGUST 24th, 1847, on board the splendid steamer NORTH AMERICA, Capt. V. Truesell, accompanied by a new, large, and commodious BARGE.

The New York Brigade Brass Band, and two efficient Cotillion Bands, will accompany the Excursion.

50¢ Tickets, Fifty Cents each, (Children half price) may be obtained at this office, or from the following Committee of Arrangements:

ERASMUS A. KUTZ, Jr., 180 Water st.,	E. T. WARNER, Jamaica Hotel, South Brooklyn,
J. MEECH HENRY, 89 Ha'mond st.,	G. B. JEFFRIES, 57 Madison st.,
J. WHITFIELD, Pavilion, Fort Lee,	E. E. JONES, 23 Chestnut st.,
JOHN H. BATE, 166 and 168 Centre st.,	W. P. SMITH, 106 Columbia st.,
H. C. SHULL, 141 Madison st.,	JOHN CAMPBELL, 33 Bayard st.,
R. R. BATESON, 154 Ha'mond st.,	

The Boat will leave the foot of Fifth street, East River, at 7 o'clock, A. M.; Delancy street, at 7½ o'clock; Pike street, at 7½; Pier No. 1, North River, at 8½ o'clock; Robinson street, at 8½; Canal street, at 9 o'clock; Hammond street, at 9½; Nineteenth street, at 9½, and touch at Fort Lee each way.

Should the weather prove unfavorable, the Excursion will be postponed to the first fair day.

[July 31]

BOGLE'S HYPERION FLUID,

FOR PROMOTING THE GROWTH AND EMBELLISHING THE HAIR, STANDS unrivaled; and is now the only article used by those who value a good head of hair. It is alike efficacious in exterminating scurf and dandruff; and the beautifying lustre it gives to the hair, ensures its success at the toilet of every lady of fashion. For further particulars see pamphlet, containing certificates from some of the most eminent physicians, &c., to be had of his agents throughout the United States and Canada, among which are the following:—

AGENTS.—E. Mason, Portland; W. R. Preston, Portsmouth; Carleton & Co., and J. C. Ayer, Lowell; B. K. Bliss, Springfield; D. Scott, Jr. & Co., Worcester; J. R. & C. Thornton, and Dr. Caldwell, New Bedford; R. J. Taylor, Newport, Mass.; A. B. & D. Sands, 100 Fulton St., 273 Broadway, and 77 East Broadway, N. Y.; E. Trevett & Son, Poughkeepsie; G. Dexter, Albany; Dr. Hiemstreet, Troy; T. Hunt, Auburn; Wm. Pitkin, Rochester; G. H. Fish, Saratoga; Tolman & Williams, Syracuse; L. Kelley, Geneva; E. S. Barnum & Son, Utica; Wm. Coleman, Buffalo; Seth G. Hance, Druggist, and William H. A. Myers, Hair Dresser, Baltimore, Md.; J. W. Kuekend & Co., 127 Canal St., New Orleans, La.; and other places.

50¢ A treatise on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Hair, with directions for preserving the same, &c., accompanies each bottle of "the Hyperion."

WILLIAM BOGLE,
First Premium Ventilating and Gossamer Wig Maker, No. 228 Washington St., Boston.
Jy 10-1y.]

M AXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Prince Segars in all their variety. 50¢ LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand.

July 7-1y.

J. CONRAD,

FIRST PREMIUM BOOT MAKER,

No. 56 Market Street and No. 5 Ann Street,

NEW YORK.

June 19-1y.]

CUMMING'S'

SCHOOL OF DRAWING AND PAINTING,
No. 591 Houston street, (adjoining St. Thomas' Church.)

Will re-open on Wednesday, the First of September.

DAY AND EVENING CLASSES FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,
In Rudimentary Drawing. Painting in Oil and Water Colours.

Drawing and Painting from the

ANTIQUE CASTS AND LIVING MODELS. [July 24-6t]

SWIMMING BATH, DESBROSSES ST.; CROTON BATH, ASTOR HOUSE;
SWIMMING BATH, BATTERY.

The above Baths are now open. Warm water is a healthful stimulant; it at once makes clean and strong, and those who use it will recognize its excellent influence in freedom from physical weakness and mental depression. Physicians are unanimous in commanding it as alike purifying and health-promoting; and differing from their usual custom, as regards large doses, not only prescribe these Warm and Cold Baths for their patients, but actually take them themselves.

July 17.

CALEDONIA SPRINGS.

T HE CANADA HOUSE.—The subscriber, in expressing his obligation for the very liberal patronage he received during the preceding summer, begs to inform the public that "THE CANADA HOUSE" is again OPENED by him, for the reception of Visitors; and he most respectfully solicits a continuance of their patronage. He assures them that he will spare no pains to add to their comfort, health, and recreation.

Since the close of the last season, the house and grounds have undergone many important alterations and improvements, which, it is hoped, will add to the comfort and convenience of Visitors. The Dining-room has been considerably enlarged, and the Bar removed from the house.

The Subscriber is happy to state that MISS MURRAY, whose attention to visitors is so well known, will still remain at the Springs.

The Caledonia Springs present the great advantage of a variety of Medicinal Waters, acknowledged by the most eminent of the Faculty to be, each of their kind, unrivaled in their efficacy for the cure of diseases, and invigorating qualities.

The Salt and Sulphur Baths are in full operation, from the use of which the most extraordinary benefits have been derived.

The Stages will leave Montreal every Morning, (Sundays excepted) and arrive at the Springs in the Evening.

The charges at the Canada House will be the same as last year, namely:—

By the Month	- - - - -	£6 0 0
By the Week	- - - - -	1 15 0
By the Day	- - - - -	0 6 0

H. CLIFTON.

June 12—131a]

LAP-WELDED BOILER FLUES.

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1 1/2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER,
Can be obtained only of the Patentee.

THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N. Y.

EYE AND EAR.

DR. POWELL, OCULIST, AURIST, &c.

261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st.

ATTENDS EXCLUSIVELY to Diseases of the Eye and Ear, from 9 to 4 o'clock. STRABISMUS or Squinting cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES inserted that cannot be distinguished from the natural Eye. Spectacles adapted to any defect.

DR. POWELL has just published a popular Treatise on the Eye, with Engravings, \$no., paper 50 cents, muslin 70 cents, comprising a familiar description of the Anatomy and Physiology of the organ of vision. Rules for the Preservation, Improvement, and Restoration of sight. Remarks on Optics and the use and abuse of Spectacles, with directions for their selection. To be had at the Author's, and of all Booksellers

FLOWERS, BOUQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, corner of Broadway and 28th street, N. Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOUQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N. B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gardeners supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird.

Ap. 20-tf.

PHRENOLOGISTS AND PUBLISHERS.

FOWLER & WELLS,

131 Nassau-st. N. Y.

PRESERVE YOUR HAIR

WHILE you have it, it is too late after it has fallen off—(the advertisement of Empereur's to the contrary notwithstanding). The Medical Faculty recommend Camm's Spanish Lustral Hair Preservative as the best article yet known for that purpose. A. B. & D. Sands are the agents in New York.

N. B.—None genuine without the name of T. W. CAMM blown in the bottle.

[Jy 10-1y].

THIS DAY IS PUBLISHED.

THE MANUAL OF CRICKET.

COMPRISING the Laws of the Game, some account of its history, and of the progressive improvements made therein, Directions and Instructions in the Practice and Play of the manly and athletic Exercise, and suggestions as to Variations and Applications of it, so as to afford satisfactory recreation to small numbers of players. The whole being intended as a complete Cricketer's Guide. With numerous Illustrations, Embellishments, and diagrams. By Alex. D. Paterson.

By way of appendix to this work, there will be added the body and everything important of "Felix on the Bat."

N. B.—Booksellers will be supplied on reasonable terms, by applying to Berford & Co. Astor House, Broadway.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Bla. man Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Caligraphic, (Illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Pen; Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Croton Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes,) which possesses strength, elasticity, and firmness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; boldness of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers solicited, by Oct. 3-tf

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John-st. cor. of Gold

LAMPS, GIRANDOLES, HALL LANTERNS AND CHANDELIERS. DEITZ, BROTHER & CO.

WASHINGTON STORES, No. 139 WILLIAM-ST.

ARE MANUFACTURING AND HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND, a full assortment of retail prices, for cash:—

Solar Lamps—Gilt, Bronze and Silvered, in great variety.

Suspending Solaras, do. do.

Bracket Solaras, do. do.

Solar Chandeliers, do. do. 2, 3 and 4 lights.

Suspending Camphene Lamps; Brackets do do.

Side do. do.

Camphene Chandeliers—2, 3, and 4 lights.

Girandoles—Gilt, Silvered and Bronzed, various patterns

Hall Lanterns—Various sizes, with cut or stained glass.

May

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY.

251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST.

Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. WARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and

A TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.

Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.

Instruction given in the Art.

Jy. 25-tf.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ :

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsey. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It is approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits

South Bolton, Canada East, April 18, 1846.

Mrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 33 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard.

JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true.

REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.

Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,

WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Musson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

Q.—The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other

